



No. 70 — Vol. VI.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1894.

SIXPENCE.
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THE HON. MRS. HENNIKER, SISTER OF LORD HOUGHTON, VICEROY OF IRELAND.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday. An offer of mediation in the cab dispute was rejected by the proprietors. At the Westminster Police Court two drivers were fined £10 for intimidating a Chelsea cabman.—The Duke of York was invested by the Prince of Wales, acting on behalf of the Queen Regent of Spain, with the Order of the Golden Fleece.—Mr. Bryce has been offered the Presidency of the Board of Trade.—The French Government was defeated by a majority of 265 to 225 votes, and has resigned in consequence. The Minister of Public Works, in reply to an interpellation as to the facilities to be accorded to railway employees to attend a trade congress in Paris on Thursday, said he could make no representations to the companies on the subject, and that with respect to railway men in the employ of the State, to allow them to combine would be to authorise them to revolt against the public powers.—The King of Servia has suspended the existing Constitution and restored that of 1869 in its entirety. The latter Constitution conceded an extended franchise, with vote by ballot, while under that which is now restored the franchise is restricted, the voting is open, and the Government appoints one-third of the Skupshtina. The Premier says the Radicals are crushed.—The Archduke Franz Ferdinand d'Este, the heir-presumptive to the throne of Austria-Hungary, is to visit Queen Victoria.

Wednesday. The Public Prosecutor of the Province of Salta has pronounced in favour of the extradition of Jabez Balfour.—The Liberals want to carry war into the stronghold of the Unionists, as a meeting was held at Birmingham for the purpose of founding a Liberal Federation for the Midlands. A public meeting was held in the evening, at which Lord Rosebery amused himself and his audience over Mr. Chamberlain's many changes of opinion.—The Eighty Club gave a dinner to the Labour representatives and Mr. Harford, Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants.—Four firms, owning five hundred cabs, resolved to resume business to-morrow. The drivers who do not respond will have their licenses handed to them, and new ones will be engaged to take their places.—A convention was held at Limerick, at which it was resolved to nominate the convict John Daly for the representation of the city in Parliament.—An exciting race across the Atlantic has just taken place between the White Star steamer *Majestic* and the *Paris*, of the American Line. The former landed her mails at Queenstown, and the latter at Southampton; the *Majestic's* mails reached the General Post Office to-night at 10.52, while those of the *Paris* arrived at 11.21.—Professor Romanes, the distinguished physiologist, died at Oxford. Scotch by descent, a Canadian by birth, and an Englishman by education, he "may be said to have been an evolutionary Ishmaelite, although he himself maintained that he was the most loyal of Darwinians." He was forty-seven years of age. The death is also announced of Madame Renan.—Three men were remanded at Bow Street on charges of criminal breach of trust as public servants in India. It is understood that they are accused of having, while employed at the Ferozepore Arsenal, supplied rifles to marauding tribes on the frontier.—The French Government Republican group has passed a resolution declaring that it will support no Ministry that does not accept the principles and ideas of the late Cabinet.—The Paris papers see in the Anglo-Belgian treaty respecting territorial arrangements in East Africa a blow to France.—Prince Alexis Karageorgevitch asserts his right, in the event of a change of dynasty in Servia, as the head of the elder branch of the Karageorgevitch family.—News has reached Sydney that on the 17th inst. the Samoan rebels were massed at Atna, with the Government forces confronting them, and a conflict was possible at any moment. A British and two German war vessels were at Apia, awaiting orders.

Thursday. The Queen completed her seventy-fifth year to-day, an age that has been exceeded by only two English sovereigns—George II., who lived seventy-seven years, and George III., who nearly attained the age of eighty-two. On June 20 her Majesty will have reigned for fifty-seven years.—Three members of King's College, Cambridge, have issued a protest against the proposal to confer on the Duke of York the degree of LL.D. of the University.—Mr. Gladstone was successfully operated on for cataract by Messrs. Nettleship, Habershon, and Lawford.—A banquet was given at St. James's Hall to Admiral Erben, Captain Mahan (author of "The Influence of Sea Power on History"), and the officers of the United States cruiser *Chicago*. Lord George Hamilton presided, and there was a very distinguished company of guests.—The French Ministerial crisis still continues. M. Dupuy has refused to undertake the formation of a Cabinet.—M. Ranko Taisitch, the leader of the Servian Radicals, has been arrested in the village where he lives, and conducted to Belgrade under a strong escort. He recently wrote some articles opposing the reigning dynasty.—In September, 1891, a railway accident occurred near Quintanilleja, in which Mr. Seymour Lucas, among others, was injured, but it was only yesterday that the trial of the two railway officials charged with the responsibility for the affair was concluded. The station-master was condemned to sixteen months' and the telegraph clerk, a boy of seventeen, to six months' imprisonment. Mr. Seymour Lucas gets £80 damages.—The annual ceremony attending the departure of the sacred carpet for Mecca was held to-day.—A British cruiser has arrived at Victoria, British Columbia, with three sealing vessels, which have been seized while poaching.

The Birthday honours were announced to-night. No new peer has been created, but baronetcies have been conferred on Mr. James Reckitt, of "blue," on Mr. T. Glen Coats, of thread fame, on Mr. W. D. Pearson, a contractor, Sir Samuel Montagu, M.P., and Mr. John Austin, M.P. The new knights are Dr. J. C. Bucknill, one of the originators of the National Volunteer Force in 1852; Mr. F. Seymour Haden, President of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers; Mr. John Hutton, Chairman of the London County Council; Mr. M. P. Manfield, M.P. for Northampton; Mr. Jerom Murch, of Bath; Mr. Isaac Pitman, the originator of Pitman's system of shorthand; Mr. T. Wemyss Reid; Mr. Thomas Robinson, M.P. for Gloucester; Mr. James Russell, Lord Provost of Edinburgh; Mr. Richard Tangye, of Birmingham; Mr. Thomas Thornton, Town Clerk of Dundee; Dr. T. Grainger Stewart, Physician in Ordinary to the Queen in Scotland, and Professor of Physic in the University of Edinburgh; Mr. George Williams, founder of the Young Men's Christian Association. Sir Donald Stewart and Lord Wolseley have been promoted Field Marshals.—A new long-service medal has been instituted, which is to be granted to all Volunteers on completion of twenty years' service under certain specified conditions.—The Duke of Devonshire, addressing a Unionist meeting at Southampton, said that the dissolution was not far off; and Mr. Balfour, speaking at the Junior Constitutional Club, declared that the Liberal orators did not prophesy that their party would return to power after an appeal to the country.—A meeting was held at the Mansion House for the completion of the decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral.—A battle has taken place between the British force on Lake Nyassa and the slave-trading chief Makanjira. The enemy, 2000 strong, attacked the British at Fort Maguire, but were completely defeated, leaving over 100 killed on the field. Makanjira has since made his submission to Major Edwards, the British commander. Complete tranquillity now prevails throughout Nyassaland.

Saturday. The trooping of the colour on the Horse Guards Parade in honour of the Queen's Birthday was attended by a smaller crowd of spectators than usual. The Post Office Rifle Volunteers, 1130 strong, were inspected in Hyde Park by Colonel Trotter, Grenadier Guards, who gave a farewell inspection address.—Mr. Chamberlain, speaking at the thirty-first annual dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, said the general accuracy of the newspaper—which was an epitome of the period—was to him a constant source of wonder. He pictured the Prime Minister editing a comic paper instead of "wasting his delicate wit and genial sarcasm on Birmingham audiences."—O'Donovan Rossa reached Cork from America, his "twenty years' banishment having expired." The politics of the day in Ireland strike him as being dead or asleep.—The *Times* lobbyist states that Mr. John Burns has been twice invited to join the Rosebery Ministry, but he thinks he can best serve his constituents by remaining a private member.—A horrible outrage has been committed by the miners on strike near Cripple Creek, Colorado. Eleven men were working in the Strong Mine on Battle Mountain, when the strikers blew up the shaft-house with powder, causing a loss of 25,000 dollars, and then dropped 100 lb. of Giant powder down the shaft, killing every one of the eleven men working below. The strikers are armed to the teeth.

Sunday. The cabmen had another demonstration in Hyde Park, the most notable speaker being Mr. John Burns, who said theirs was a precarious calling of a demoralising character. He proposed that the programme of the union after the strike should include, among other things, a six-days week; a fixed weekly wage on the basis of paying the proprietor everything earned, while the cabman receives a living weekly wage in return; an adaptation of the ticket system on the 'buses. He would limit licenses, and give the police the same power over the "bilker" as over the ordinary thief.—The Duchess of Teck unveiled a stained-glass window erected in memory of the Duke of Clarence at the Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair. The style is classical, and the subject is "Christ the Consoler."—Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha arrived at Vienna to-day, this being his first appearance there since his accession to the throne of the duchies.—A celebrated matador, Espartero, was gored to death at Madrid. He had made a large fortune, and contemplated retiring next year.

Monday. A State Concert was given at Buckingham Palace.—A concert to celebrate M. Kuhe's jubilee was given in the Queen's Hall.—A young German and his wife were charged at the Marlborough Street Police Court with having murdered the proprietress of a hotel in the Shaftesbury Avenue on Friday night.—Snow fell in East Kent early this morning.—The Alpine accidents have begun for the season, for it is announced to-day that Mr. Matthew Brickdale, of the Chancery Bar, was killed on Thursday while mountaineering in Canton Ticino. He appears to have attempted to cross a ledge of rock at the Santa Petronilla Waterfall, Biasca, and to have slipped.

A novel performance of "Twelfth Night" is that which takes place on Saturday in the grounds of the Albany Club, Kingston-on-Thames, in aid of the funds of the Princess May's Ward for Children at the Royal Hospital, Richmond. The Duke and Duchess of Teck have signified their intention of being present.

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" " "	True Return.
" " Nenagh	Mrs. Hutton.
" " "	Storm Queen.
" " "	Emita.
" " "	Loving Memory.
" " "	Howth.
" " Rival Chief	Lizzie Taylor.
" " Herschel	Naivete.
" " Gay City	Lenora, &c.

Running Dogs—El Diablo, N'y Pensez Plus, Still Another, Nant, King's Beadsman, Nadir, Narration, Newton, Lucky Postman, Out of Fashion, Not so Green, Nacton, &c.

Brood Bitches—Emita, Sparkling Gem, Tick Tick, In Fashion, Note Paper, Queen of Scots, Lenora, Sorais, New Tile, Naivete, &c.

Stud Dogs—Young Fullerton, Neston, Netherburn, Gay City, Huic Hollos, and Old Boots.

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METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL SUNDAY FUND.

Patron—Her Majesty Queen.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY, JUNE 10, 1894.

Clergymen and Ministers of Religion who may by any accident not have received the Official Posting Bills, &c., by June 1 are requested to make their wants immediately known to the Secretary, Mr. Henry N. Custance, at the Mansion House, E.C.

SUNDAY SOCIETY (to obtain the Opening of Museums on Sundays).

NINETEENTH PUBLIC ANNUAL MEETING of Supporters, ST. MARTIN'S TOWN HALL, CHARING CROSS, Saturday, June 9.

The President, W. Holman Hunt, will take the chair at Four o'clock, supported by the Duke of Sutherland, Earl of Carlisle, Lord Dorchester, Lord Mayor of Liverpool, Mayor of Wolverhampton, Sir James D. Linton, P.R.I., Sir B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., Sir Henry Thompson, F.R.C.S., Rev. W. Rogers, M.A., Moncure D. Conway, M.A., Robert M. Morrell (President National Federation of Sunday Societies), H. Beerbohm Tree, and G. F. Watts, R.A. Admission free without tickets. Reserved seats for Subscribers, but no seats reserved after 3.50.

NINETEENTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Sunday Society, ready June 4, with an Appendix, including the Report of the Joint Committee of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, with the Resolutions to be moved in Convocation when the Report is discussed. Price 6d.

Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, W.

MARK H. JUDGE, Hon. Sec.

EDMUND YATES.

We often say of brave soldiers who fall on the battlefield that they have met the death their courageous hearts would have chosen. I have heard one of the bravest of them say that himself as he lay sore stricken on desert sands, and already felt "the beating of the wings of the Angel of Death" above his head. When Whyte Melville met with a mortal accident while the Vale of White Horse Hounds were in full cry beside him, the words of sorrow that must have sprung to the lips of numberless friends because of their own loss were hushed by the thought that if a sportsman like Whyte Melville could have chosen his own death it would have come to him exactly where he met it. And surely one may think the same of Edmund Yates, whose life, for all of consciousness that remained, closed amid a gathering in which were so many of the friends of his youth and later years. Within the Garrick Theatre, on Saturday night, the 19th, he might have seen typified almost every element of the world he loved; and if Fate rule our lives at all, it surely brought him there to feel the grip of hands which told that, after forty years of a fighting journalist's life, he could number among his staunch friends the most representative men in the London of to-day. Edmund Yates made many enemies, because he never hesitated to break a lance in self-defence or in the cause of a friend, and when he did his blows were apt to leave wounds that rankled. But if he ever gave pain to one who had not provoked attack, or who did not deserve the lash of sarcasm, Edmund Yates would have been the first to acknowledge and atone for his fault. His was not the temper that could tamely submit to a blow without hitting back, and his friends liked him all the better for the generous heat that moved him when he thought himself or his own slighted. The deep voice, so cheery in its greeting for a comrade, so mirth-provoking in its chuckle, would break into a leonine growl when indignation stirred him, and for the cause of that anger were best out of the way at such moments. I have sometimes doubted whether he was the "good hater" he thought himself, for I have heard him pay many a generous tribute to men with whom he was believed to be at deadly enmity. Of his loyalty to the colleagues with whom he surrounded himself in the early days of the *World* I can speak with grateful memory. They could do no wrong—or, if they did, he would never admit it except to himself and them. A mistake made by one less learned in the ways of men and women than himself he would rebuke with laughter so light and good-humoured that the most sensitive nature could not feel hurt, and praise for good work he never stinted. Before me now are letters in the familiar violet ink, the writing so characteristic that it seemed to convey, as clearly as his voice could, every change of feeling, and I know as I read them again how much I owed to the words of appreciation and encouragement running through them. They tell one, also, why it was impossible to be merely an acquaintance of Edmund Yates. You had to be a friend to him or nothing, and his trust in those who worked with him begat an allegiance that no after-events could shake. He has told how the series of "Celebrities at Home" originated, and paid a tribute to the colleagues who first aided him in the elaboration of that idea, but he has not told how its immediate success was due to the feeling with which he inspired those colleagues. We talked the project over, Edmund Yates, Bernard Baker, and myself, in the soft summer twilight, on the lawn of his pleasant house by the Thames at Wargrave. Every doubt as to the possibility of getting one celebrity or another to talk about himself was no sooner found than dispelled by the man who would not admit a thought of failure. And so next morning I left Wargrave with six subjects on my list. From that moment he left me a totally free hand, and thereby made me feel that success, so far as my own share of the work went, depended on me. The first subject was Tennyson, who had never willingly accorded an interview to any writer until then. I did not fail. When I returned with the story of my kindly reception at Aldworth, and of the insight which Tennyson had permitted me to gain into his home life and methods of work, I think Edmund Yates's faith in me was for a moment shaken. I did not tell him of the difficulties that had beset my path at first, and the apparent ease with which the least hopeful mission in his programme had been accomplished was almost incredible. The article on Tennyson at Haslemere appeared as the first of the "Celebrities" series, and to the luck which favoured me in securing that subject I owe many pleasant memories of an association which was among the happiest in my journalistic career. If in after years circumstances made me an infrequent contributor to the *World*, the fault and the misfortune were mine. Edmund Yates never failed in fealty to a fellow-craftsman who had done him any service.

H. H. S. PEARSE.

In the Chapel Royal of the Savoy—"the only spot where the dew falls in London," as Charles Dickens used to say—the funeral service took place last Wednesday morning, in the presence of many old friends and literary comrades of Edmund Yates. Brother-editors like Sir John Robinson, Sir George Armstrong, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.,

Mr. Arthur à-Beckett, and Dr. William Howard Russell were there to pay a tribute to one who undoubtedly had great editorial genius. The Drama, which he loved and studied so well, was represented by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. Toole, Mr. Bram Stoker, Mr. Hare, Mrs. Boucicault, Mr. A. W. Pinero, Mr. John Hollingshead, Mr. Arthur Cecil, and many another notable personality of the stage. Famous critics, including Mr. Clement Scott and Mr. William Archer, sat near personal friends of the deceased, whose very diversity of status and profession was a tribute to the width of Mr. Yates's circle of acquaintances. Among the latter were Lord Shand, Mr. Archibald Forbes, Lord Londesborough, and Mr. Corney Grain. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the coffin was conveyed to Brookwood, where the remains were cremated.

[Mr. Yates was one of the earliest contributors to the "*Illustrated London News*," in the Christmas number of which, forty-one years ago, he wrote the following verses, entitled "*The Mistletoe-Seller*."]—

Gazing from the window casement on the trees all stripped and bare,
Heard I young and merry voices ringing through the frosty air;
Saw two maidens with their sister (she a widow's emblems wore)
Standing by an old man selling Christmas at a garden door.

Brightly shone the maidens' faces; e'en the lonely widow's eye
Kindled as her thoughts were carried back into the years gone by—
As she gazed upon the berries symboling the merry time—
Gazed upon the old man's face, and listened to his cheering rhyme.

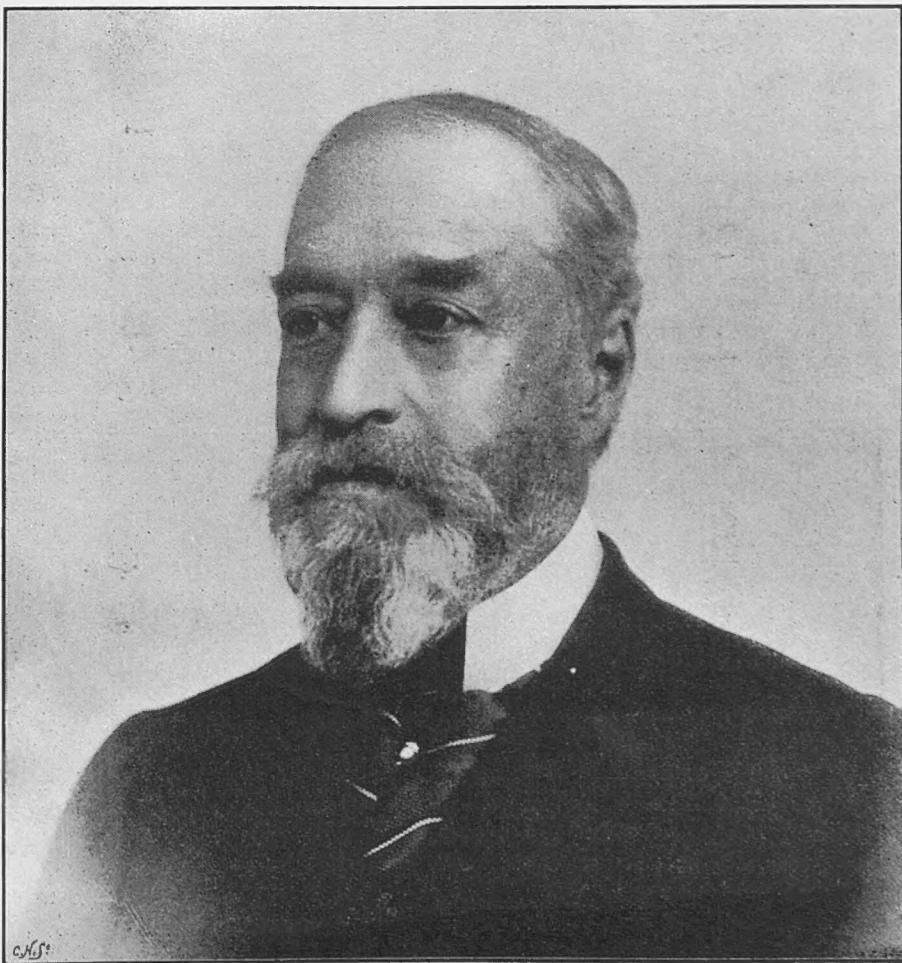
"Buy my berries! buy my berries! here is holly red as cherries,
Rough and thorny as the season, holier than all trees that grow;
For, according to the story, prickly leaves like these before ye
Round the Saviour's brows were circled, eighteen hundred years ago.

"Maidens hasten—ne'er a trace on your bright foreheads care has left;
Hasten too, thou lonely widow, of thy lord so soon bereft;
Christmas adds to your enjoyments—Christmas lightens thy despair,
Vanquished are our fears and sorrows in the genial Christmas air.

"Mistletoe I, too, can sell you. Of its virtues need I tell you?
How of old the saintly Druids revered this humble tree?
What, when in this Christmas weather loving hearts are met together,
Are its properties peculiar, sure you need not learn of me."

Thus he sang; but as I listened sank my heart within my breast,
As I watched that elder sister, in the widow's mourning dressed;
What sad thoughts her heart must cherish of the loved one gone before,
Who 'neath such a branch had pressed her in the vanished days of yore!

Blithely trolling out his carol went the old man on his way;
All his stock of mistletoe was purchased by the maidens gay;
And as each one with her partner, 'neath the bough suspended, trips,
Who shall say the pretty widow's are the only unknissed lips?

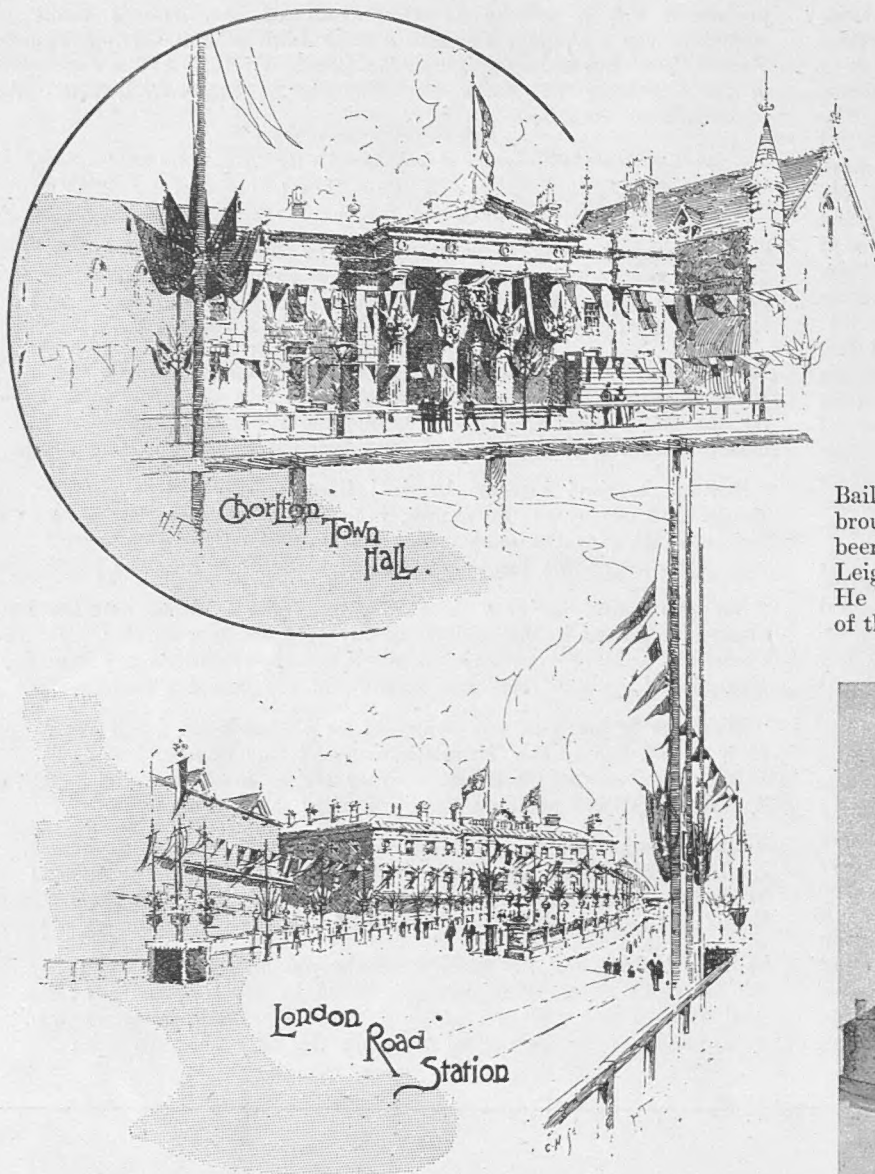


THE LATE MR. EDMUND YATES.

Photo by Suscipi, Rome.

HER MAJESTY AT MANCHESTER.

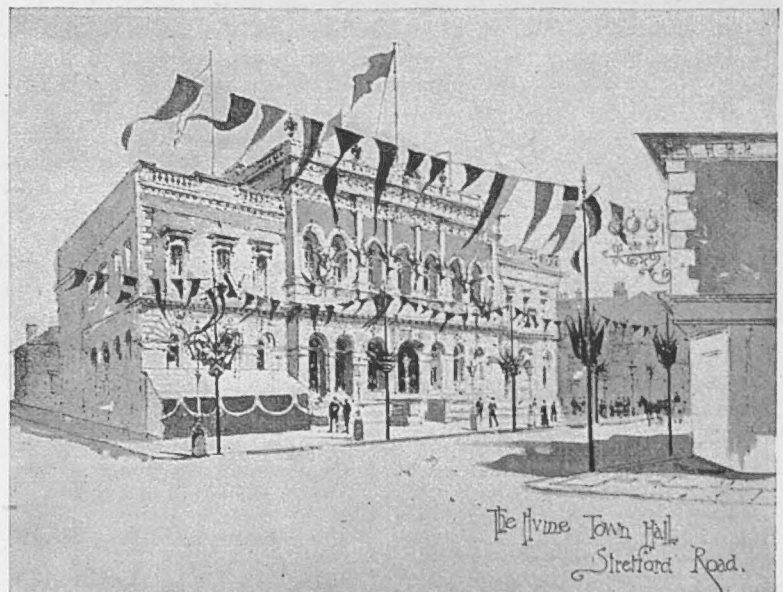
Favoured by bright, though cold weather, the Queen's visit to Manchester, on Monday, the 21st, was an unqualified success. Probably two millions of her loyal subjects saw her Majesty in the course of the three hours which she spent in the neighbourhood. It was the third occasion on



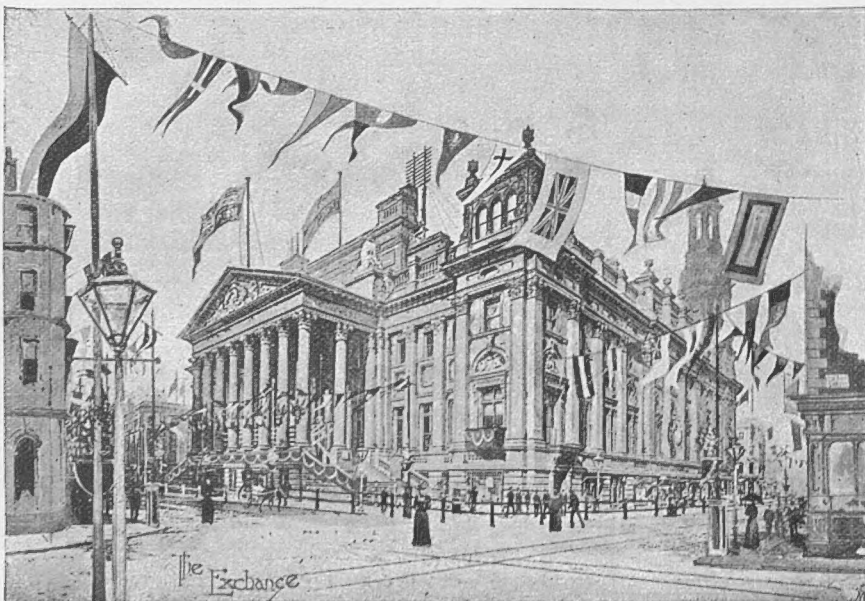
which the Queen had honoured Manchester with her presence. In 1851 she was the central figure in a scene of great enthusiasm, which made a profound impression. Then it was that 80,000 school children sang the National Anthem, producing a pathetic effect, which has never been obliterated from the memory of those who were present. Many of those children were doubtless among the adults who thronged Manchester last week, and recalled their part in the ceremony of forty-three years ago. In 1857 the Queen visited the Art Exhibition at Old Trafford, and of this we have a record in her Majesty's published diary, where she said that "the crowd was greater than ever witnessed before, enthusiastic beyond belief."

The completion of the Ship Canal, an engineering exploit which is fraught with commercial consequences so important as to render the event of national interest, has happily induced the Queen to place her imprimatur upon this vast undertaking. Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Princess of Leiningen, arrived at the London Road Station from Windsor at half-past four, and was received in state by the Lord Mayor and other officials. She at once entered her carriage, which was drawn by four bays, and proceeded to Albert Square, where the formalities of presenting and receiving addresses were transacted. At the Municipal School of Art the same ceremony was gone through. The Queen everywhere was greeted with wonderful cordiality, to which she responded with unwearied graciousness. A touching incident was the acceptance by her Majesty of a bouquet from one of the pupils of the Deaf and Dumb School.

On reaching the docks, the Queen left her carriage and embarked on the Admiralty steam-yacht *Enchantress*. The Chairman and his fellow-directors of the Ship Canal, together with the engineer and principal officers, were presented to her Majesty on deck, and received a reply to their address. The Queen thereafter conferred the honour of knighthood upon Mr. Anthony Marshall, Lord Mayor of Manchester, and Mr. William Henry Bailey, Mayor of Salford. To the former she expressed her gratification at the enthusiasm displayed on her visit and her delight at the fine decorations along the route. Sir Anthony was educated at the Bluecoat School. He has twice occupied the mayoral office in Manchester. Sir William Bailey has been an inventor of many patents, some of which were brought out before he was twenty-one years of age. A knighthood has been also conferred, in connection with the Ship Canal, upon Mr. Joseph Leigh, who has represented Stockport in the Liberal interest since 1892. He has been four times mayor of the town. Mr. Bosdin Leech, another of the directors of the Ship Canal, has likewise been knighted. The

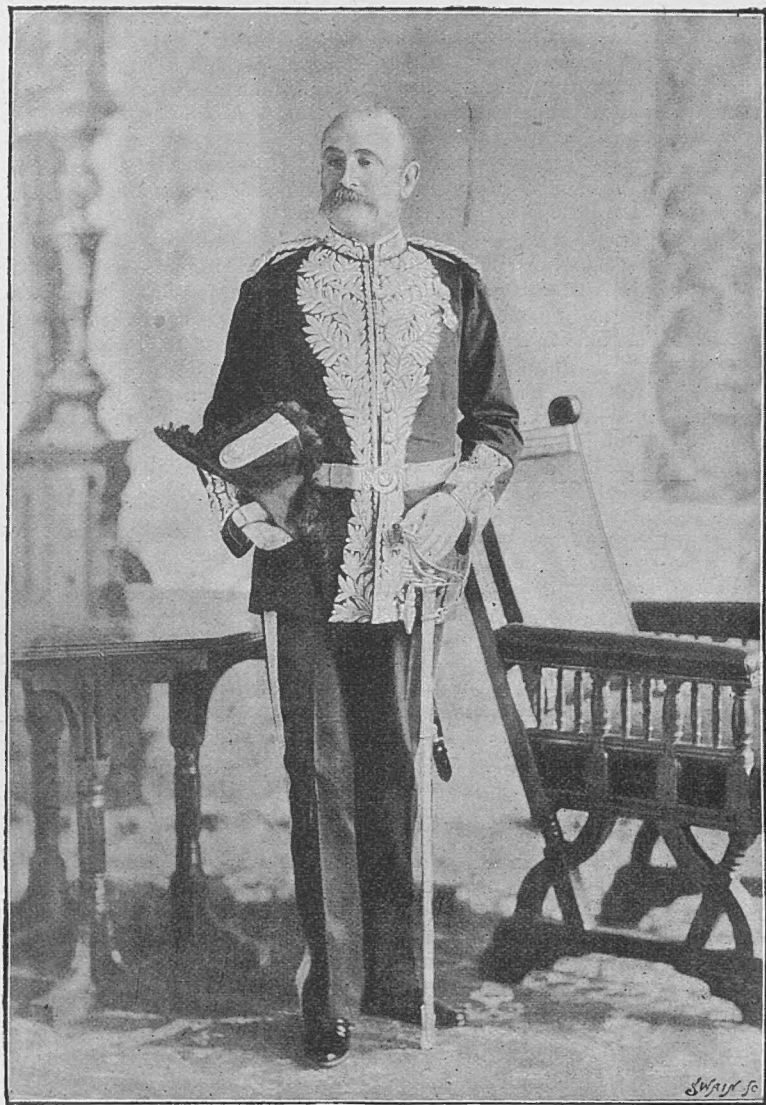


yacht was meanwhile steaming to the Mode Wheel Locks, and Mr. E. Leader Williams, the engineer, had the pleasure of describing to the Queen the various details concerning the canal. It is interesting to recall the fact that Mr. Williams is the talented brother of Mr. B. Williams Leader, A.R.A., who reversed his surname many years ago. Arriving at the Mode Wheel Locks, the Queen, by means of an electric wire attached to hydraulic machinery, opened the gates of the large lock and said, "I have now great pleasure in declaring the Ship Canal open." The effect of this utterance was somewhat marred by the haste with which the royal salute of twenty-one guns was fired by the Manchester Artillery Volunteers, stationed on the race-ground. The return to Trafford Wharf was quickly accomplished, and the procession of carriages reformed and proceeded to Ordsall Park, where the Mayor of Salford presented an address; thence to the Exchange Station, which the Queen and her suite left at 7.30 for Balmoral, after an arduous and eventful visit, which delighted the enormous number of spectators quite as much as it seems to have pleased the Sovereign. Since her arrival at Balmoral, a telegram has been received stating that the Queen has not been over-tired by her exertions, which, for one who has just attained her seventy-fifth birthday, were certainly trying. Of the decorations it is impossible to speak too highly; one feature which had novelty, if not beauty, to recommend it was the arch of fire-escapes constructed by the Manchester Fire Brigade, and, wonderful to relate, there seem to have been no accidents of a serious nature to mar the day's proceedings. This great enterprise, in which more than thirteen millions of capital has been already expended since the conception of the scheme twelve years ago, has thus been fitly inaugurated after difficulties which would have baffled any but the determined Lancastrians.



THE CROWD AT MANCHESTER.

"The Queen was much pleased with all the arrangements of yesterday, and also with her magnificent reception. I have never seen anything like it." These were the terms of a communication which the Chief Constable of Manchester (Mr. C. Malcolm Wood) received the day after the royal



MR. MALCOLM WOOD.

visit from General Sir John C. McNeill, equerry in ordinary to the Queen. They are the more remarkable as Sir John has accompanied her Majesty on most of her recent progressions in the large centres of population, and has had peculiar opportunities of comparing the various demonstrations one with another.

The sight which won the unqualified approval of the gallant General was a marvellous one: of that there cannot be two opinions. The length of the streets traversed by the royal procession was considerably over seven miles and a half, and it is no exaggeration to say that, with the exception of a short length in an obscure thoroughfare in Salford, every inch of available space along the entire route was packed with people. They covered the footpaths, they crowded the windows, they swarmed on the roofs of buildings, and they rose tier upon tier on the innumerable stands which had been erected specially for the occasion. In places they were so tightly wedged together that many fainted, and a not inconsiderable part of a policeman's duties during the day was to restore the senseless to life. Any attempt to compute the number who saw her Majesty must be largely guess-work. It is variously estimated at anything between one and two millions. This immense mass began to assemble about noon; it remained stationary in the streets for several hours, and only one disaster occurred.

It is obvious that the control of the million people (at a moderate computation) who lined the route involved immense labour on the day and elaborate preparations on many days before. The Chief Constable of Manchester was responsible for the whole of the arrangements in the city, and in response to inquiries by a correspondent of *The Sketch* kindly explained the plan upon which he worked. "We had not very much time to make our arrangements," he remarked, "as the route was not finally determined upon until a few days before the visit. The moment we had a definite plan before us we called a meeting, which was attended by sixteen commanding officers. They kindly placed at my disposal over 7000 men, and the task of allocating them and fixing the guards of honour involved a considerable amount of labour. It was necessary that everyone in charge of a body of men should know exactly where to post them long before the day of the Queen's visit, and I am afraid the regulations I issued extended to inordinate length. Though I was

as concise as I could be, sixteen pages of printed matter were requisite. The commanding officers were very kind, and anxious to do their utmost to facilitate the preservation of order; but practically they left the arrangements to us, and loyally carried out our suggestions.

"Of course, the major portion of the regulations affected the police alone, and I had the assistance, not only of my own force, but of 458 men drawn from Cheshire, Yorkshire, Warwickshire, and Derbyshire. Catering for the refreshment of these forces, under the peculiar circumstances of the duty, is not an easy matter; but I am pleased to know that it was satisfactorily accomplished.

"Stout barricades were erected along nearly the whole route. On one short suburban length we did not think barricades were necessary, and along another, in the centre of the city, there was not time to put them up. In the latter case we overcame the difficulty by posting a continuous line of soldiers and police, and the roadway was kept perfectly clear, though the pressure from behind was tremendous. Three qualities are necessary for the satisfactory discharge of a policeman's duty on these occasions—and, indeed, on all occasions, but more particularly when great crowds of people have to be controlled. They are firmness, tact, and courtesy. It is no use bullying a crowd. They resent hectoring behaviour in an awkward fashion. Appeal to them to assist you, be as good-humoured as they, and they will be on your side."

The Chairman of the Watch Committee, Mr. Alderman Mark, who was present at the interview, here interposed with the remark that the police did their duty with comparative ease because they are popular. "As for the Chief Constable," he added, "he was assailed all along the route, as he rode at the head of the procession, with cries of 'Bravo, Malcolm Wood!'"

Mr. Wood smilingly acknowledged that, with characteristic Lancashire bluntness, the people had paid him this compliment, and continued, "You may be interested to know that the arrangements for the accommodation of the representatives of the Press constituted in themselves a considerable task. I had innumerable applications from papers all over the country, and I gave to duly-accredited reporters tickets admitting them in front of the barriers. Carriages were provided for them immediately following the royal procession, and they were thus able to see for themselves the extent of the crowd, the splendid behaviour of all, and the heartiness with which her Majesty was received."

Mr. Wood has had an extremely varied career. He was born in 1847. Twenty-four years ago he was appointed Assistant District Superintendent of Scinde Police at Kurrachee. Two years later he was transferred to the Judicial Department; then he passed the examination in Indian and English Law, and was appointed assistant magistrate. In 1879 he became Deputy Chief Constable of Manchester, and two years afterwards was chosen unanimously to the high post he now holds. His father was the Captain Wood who discovered the sources of the Oxus.

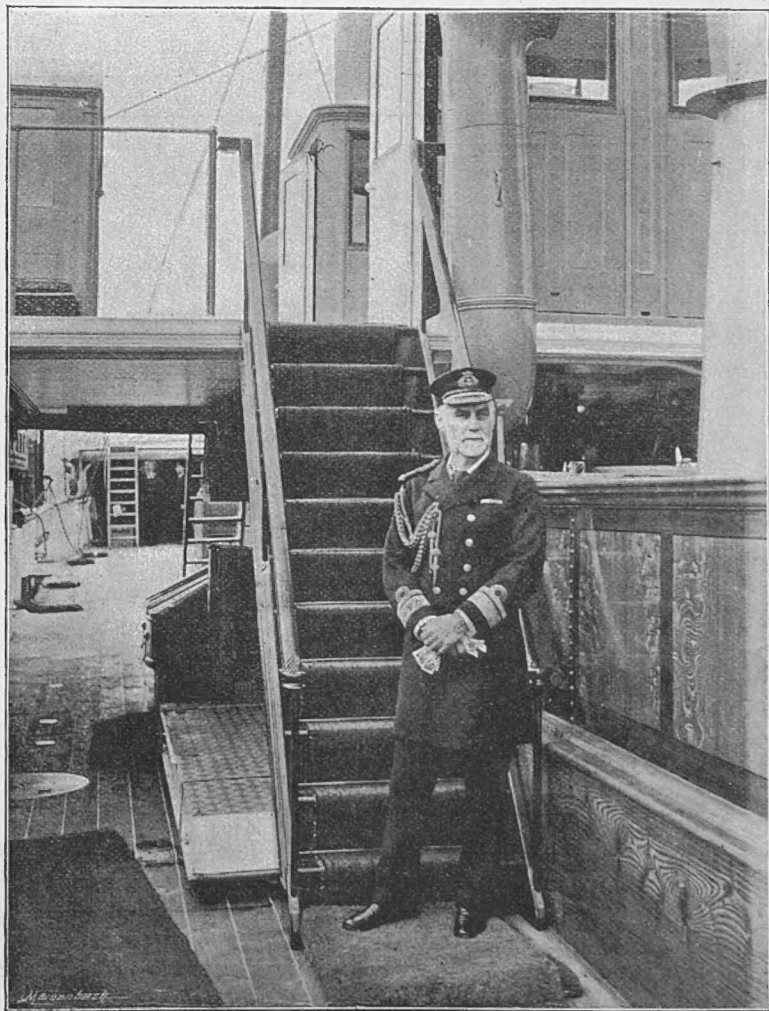


Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

ADMIRAL FULLERTON, OF THE ENCHANTRESS.

OUR POST-BAG.

Thackeray gave us once a picture of the thorns in the editorial cushion. They have not diminished in the present day. Some people there are who apparently exist for the sole purpose of acting as notes of interrogation—putting queries which would puzzle Socrates to answer, which, like Rosa Dartle, they “only ask for information’s sake, you know.” I give herewith two *fac-similes* of part of one morning’s correspondence. The first is a diatribe, couched in graceful language, against the renowned

Your pages are profaned
with the picture of the
vivisection Burdon-Sanderson
whose hands are stained
with the blood of multitudes
of God's dumb creatures

May 17th 1894

8

physiologist, Professor Burdon-Sanderson. A reproduction which appeared in the *Illustrated London News* of his fine portrait in the Royal Academy seems to have annoyed my correspondent, and he vents his—I dare not say “her”—spite on my innocent head. What he would say or write if he saw “Spy’s” splendid cartoon on the same eminent scientist in *Vanity Fair* for May 17, I dare not guess. To turn to a pleasanter sample of the contents of the post-bag—which, like the description of sheep’s head, is “full of fine, confused feeding”—I now reproduce a capital little sketch on a postcard hailing from Dresden. The sentiment is as graceful as one of the fair shepherdesses who disport on the china for which Dresden is celebrated. The gratitude of this reader amply compensates for ten such letters of the character previously noted. It chases away any gloom which the rest of his correspondence might cause to overshadow the Editor’s spirit.

A punctilious lady writes to ask a question on the thorny topic of precedence, which would take the united wits of the Heralds’ College to settle. A music-hall “star” politely draws attention to the fact that he



has never been interviewed in *The Sketch*, and wants this omission rectified. A gentleman in India desires a photograph of one of the celebrities who has recently figured in our pages—of course, expecting a gratis copy by return. A callow youth submits a long article with the enticing title of “Thoughts on Shakspeare,” and promises the copyright to us if terms are agreeable. A post-prandial discussion as to the number of millionaires who have died within the last year is referred to the Editor to settle: as none of the deceased millionaires remembered him in their wills, he must reluctantly decline to act in the matter. A novel of great length and antiquity is sent with the modest request that it be at once inserted “without compression.” Such are a few examples of the contents of the daily post-bag.

LAST WEEK’S PARIS.

Last week I was writing about the preceding seven days’ tropical heat; now I may, with just as much truth, write about the really Arctic cold we have been experiencing and shivering through the last week. Every day, too, it has poured with rain, and numerous heavy hailstorms are reported from the country. In the Côtes-du-Nord they even had a snow-storm. All these climatic vagaries have naturally done great harm to the fruit trees and up-springing crops, as well as interfering most uncomfortably with the now all-pervading “shopping.” I think nothing is so detestable as having to go from one place to another in the pouring rain, especially when one has no attendant footman to put up the umbrella, open the door, clear a way to the pavement through the other waiting carriages, and generally look after one; it’s after a horrid experience like this that one finds it an utter impossibility to obtain anything to suit one or fit to wear. No matter how pretty and smart the dresses may be, if one feels the tiniest little bit bedraggled it’s hopeless.

Tulle is the rage at present. On dresses, hats, sunshades—everywhere it is worn, and in every imaginable shade. The big bows made of it are going out, and a kind of ruffle at the back, finished off with two fluffy *choux* at the sides, is the latest whim. It looks very pretty and cool, and seems to give a very *chic* little finish to a summer toilette.

Madame Renan, the widow of Ernest Renan, died a few days ago at the residence of her son, M. Ary Renan, the artist.

The Municipal Council of Hyères refuse to sanction the erection of a statue of Joan of Arc, on the ground that the susceptible Anglo-Saxon visitors, who are the mainspring of the prosperity of the town, might not like it.

Prince Emmanuel de Looz-Corswarem, a member of one of the oldest and noblest houses of Brabant, has been sentenced, in default, to five years’ imprisonment. He induced people to advance him money, amounting in all to many hundreds of thousands of francs, by pretending that he was about to be married to an enormously rich heiress. As nobody knows at present where the Prince is, his victims will probably not obtain the satisfaction of seeing or hearing of this aristocratic swindler being marched off to prison.

Another bomb outrage has been attempted, but, happily, frustrated by the coolness and pluck of the *concierge* of the house in which the infernal machine was deposited. It was intended for the Abbé Garnier, founder of the *Maison du Peuple Français* at Montmartre, and a great worker among the poorest class of Paris. On the evening of May 22 a man in the ordinary livery of a porter in the employ of a large shop entered the *loge*, and said, in a perfectly natural voice, “Je monte chez M. l’Abbé Garnier.” Suspecting nothing, the *concierge* told him the number of the floor. A few minutes later Madame Chevé, the wife of the *concierge*, rushed downstairs, crying out, “The Abbé’s rooms are on fire!” Chevé dashed upstairs, to find before the door of the *appartement* a tin such as is used for petroleum, and at both ends a burning fuse. He managed to extinguish them, after somewhat severely burning his fingers, and then took the bomb down into the courtyard, where he saturated it well with water. The police were sent for, and the tin, which weighed twelve pounds, was subsequently examined at the municipal laboratory, when it was found to contain a quantity of gunpowder and chlorate of potash, and was heavily charged with scrap iron and bullets. The brave *concierge* was complimented on his courage, but scolded by the magistrate for having thrown water over the infernal machine. As it happened, the Abbé himself was not in the house at the time, as he was lecturing at Montmartre; but his brother Léon, also a priest, was at home. It is thought that the outrage was planned by the Revolutionary Socialists, who are bitterly opposed to the Abbé’s good works and influence among the labouring classes.

MIMOSA.

From the “Hub of the Universe” comes Miss Marie Geselschap, a young pianist, who has recently achieved great success in Germany and in the principal cities of the United States, to make her London *début* at a pianoforte recital in the Steinway Hall on May 31. Miss Geselschap is a native of Batavia, Java, and she has been studying with Professor Scharwenka.

The Writers’ Club is likely to flourish in its new premises at Hastings House, Norfolk Street, under the presidency of Princess Christian, *vice* Mrs. Stannard (“John Strange Winter”) resigned. The old club was ill-lodged up five pairs of stairs in Fleet Street; now it enjoys a *facilis descensus* down one easy flight of steps to the basement floor, where the new club-house is at home. The word basement, however, gives no true idea of the delightful new chambers, where house luncheons and house dinners, moderate in price and *recherché* in character, are daily provided for the use of the members.

A very funny story is told about one of the English professionals who came over with the South African team. On being asked how he liked cricketing at the Cape, he replied in a haughty tone, “Why, you must not look upon me and my comrade as mere cricketers. We are really political ambassadors, engaged in drawing together in friendship two great nations.” There is nothing like having a high opinion of one’s profession.

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SMALL TALK.

Since the return of the Court to Balmoral, the Queen has been occupied in visiting the tenants and cottagers on the estate and in driving about the domain. The dry, warm weather in the early part of the spring had brought on the flowers and trees so much that everything was wonderfully forward, and the sharp frosts last week did an immense amount of harm to the ornamental gardens and grounds. Her Majesty has confined her excursions to the private drives and a visit to the Danzig Shiel, in the Ballochbuie Forest, for afternoon tea. The salmon-fishing in the royal waters on the Dee has been excellent, and Dr. Profeit, the Queen's Commissioner at Balmoral, has killed some fine fish. The red deer in the forests are in splendid condition, and there is every promise of great sport this season.

The Czarewitsch and his uncle, the Grand Duke Paul, are to be the guests of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Coworth Park for the Ascot Meeting. The Prince of Wales will have a large luncheon party in the dining-room at the back of the stand on each day of the races. The Lord Chamberlain has charge of the stand, which is under the control of his department, but the daily luncheon is provided by the Lord Steward, and comes from Windsor Castle.

The Queen, I understand, was delighted with La Duse, and whoever selected Goldoni's farcical comedy for the "command" performance showed sound judgment. Here Duse is at her very best, for the part

Another example of this characteristic occurs in a little book called "A Bundle of Stories," just published by Messrs. Wyllie, of Aberdeen, and written by a lady who, though resident in the "classic region of Kensington," finds it necessary to give vent in print to "her abiding love for all things Scottish." She has some capital stories to tell—some of them quite as good as any to be found in Dean Ramsay's collection. One of them is worth repetition. The wife of a minister, who was a cipher in his own house, once remonstrated with a tinker, who had a craze for collecting buttons. "Weel, mem," was the reply, "ilka ane has their craze, an' mine's for buttons, an' yours for breeks!"

Many people profess astonishment at her Majesty's predilection for Scotland. Perhaps it is to be explained by another story, told by Mr. Inglis at the same dinner, illustrative of the heartiness of his race. It was about a minister—the Scotch are fond of jokes—at the expense of the clergy, but that is one of their natural paradoxes—who had a tipping parishioner, and expressed his wonder that the worthy should drink so much whisky as to steal away his brains. "Na, minister," was the reply; "it's no the whisky, but the 'Here's to ye!'" Is it this "Here's to ye" attitude of her Scotch subjects that attracts the Queen?

The Sultan of Johore has been rendering homage to Madame Minnie Hauk's artistic attractions by lavishing jewels on that lucky lady as a memento of her recent visit to his dominions. After a dinner given in her honour by the Sultan last month at Johore, Madame Hauk sang the famous "Habancra" which has been part of her world-wide



BALL AT ST. JAMES'S, CELEBRATING QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S BIRTHDAY, OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

February 9, 1786.

demands neither poetic atmosphere, dignity, nor distinction, the lack of which robs many of her assumptions of charm, in spite of their remarkable intelligence. Farcical comedy is undoubtedly the lady's forte, as I said from that time last season when I saw her in "Cleopatra" seize the slave who brought the news of disaster by what should have been his collar had he worn one, and box his ears in the most amusing and utterly undignified manner. With regard to "La Locandiera," the Queen, who is perfectly at home in Italian, followed all the fun with the greatest amusement.

The return of the Queen to Balmoral reminds me of a story that the Hon. James Inglis, member of the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales, told at a dinner at which I was present the other evening. One broiling day in December, Mr. Inglis was standing on the steps of the Sydney Post Office, when he saw two Scotch stonemasons in their working clothes, evidently overcome by the heat. "It's awfu' war-r-m, Jock," said one of them to the other. "Ay," replied the second; "and jist to think that four feet o' sna' is lyin' i' the noo' on Deeside." The Queen, I suppose, often finds herself in a similar state of mind when at Windsor or Osborne, contrasting the heat there with the fresh breezes of her Highland home. But the story is mainly interesting as an example, more telling than a whole volume, of the extraordinary clinging that the Scotch have for their native soil. They make excellent colonists, yet they never forget their old home, and, Liberal as they are as a people in politics, they are wonderfully conservative in their habits and mode of speech. Here was Mr. Inglis himself. He has been abroad for thirty years, partly in India, on the frontier of Nepal, and partly in Australasia, where he has risen to eminence, yet he has not lost his native accent; and there was no mistaking the origin of the chairman of the dinner, Sir Robert Hamilton—whose father was a cousin of Macaulay, by-the-way—despite his forty years' absence from the land of his birth.

"Carmen" creation, and a friend writing home says that the princes and dignitaries present, who had never heard such music before, were wild with enthusiasm. Both Madame Hauk and her husband, Consul-General Wartegg, were presented with the Order of the Crown of Johore before leaving the Straits Settlements.

While visiting the Sultan, Madame Hauk made his Highness laugh heartily by telling of an embarrassing situation which she recently found herself placed in at Philadelphia. Having to play in "L'Africaine" on the night of her arrival, it was at the last moment discovered that, though the costumes had all arrived, Madame's "make-up" box was missing, in which a special brown paint, required for the dusky heroine of the opera, was kept. The town was scoured in all directions, and Selika's complexion obtained in the nick of time at an adjacent chemist's. "Will it wash?" asked the dubious *prima donna*. "Why, cert'ly," replied he of the pestle. So it did, but in another sense, for, like the proverbial rag, it wouldn't wash out, and Madame Hauk had to leave Philadelphia like a thief in the night, thickly muffled, so that the chemist's "permanent" brown might not betray the dilemma in which her cheeks were temporarily disguised. "And I had to play in 'L'Africaine,' and nothing but 'L'Africaine,' for four nights, until the dye wore off," added the fair Minnie, with a pathos all her own.

Sir John Gorst has been living lately at Toynbee Hall, and studying the manners and customs of the East End. He was taken one evening to a theatre, and watched the proceedings of the villain of the melodrama with great interest, till that worthy, having made away with his victim, called a hansom, and with a haughty air cried, "Drive me to the National Liberal Club." At the East End this was generally taken as a proof that the villain moved in the most aristocratic circles of the West, but I believe that Sir John Gorst scandalised the audience by going off into fits of laughter.

The Khedive has just presented a young English lady, as a keepsake, on leaving Cairo, with a bracelet of unique value and great antiquity, the scarabei, set in gold, which compose each link, being each of wonderful age. The ancient inscriptions on each, relating to magic, have been translated by a *savant* staying at "Shepherd's" for the fascinating recipient, who has now, according to these venerable legends, the power of making "mankind her slaves." What enormous bidding that bracelet would command if put up at Christie's!

There have been several well-meant attempts to stop the shocking progress of ophthalmia among the natives at Cairo this past winter, in urging them to take some protective measures in the interest of their eyes, such as wearing glasses or shields of some sort, most of the eye troubles to which they are notoriously subject being caused by the innumerable flies which settle on the eyelids, and cause consequent inflammation. Being forbidden by their religion to drive the flies away, Egyptians are frequently victims to blindness and diseased eyes at a very early age; nor is it easy to argue these children of the desert into logical conclusions. "Why don't you take care of your eyes?" I said to an incorrigible donkey-boy; "you will go blind unless you do." "Then, Allah be praised!" returned the reckless Ali; "then I shall have no eyes to take care of."

The concert season is upon us in its thousands, and fair *bénéficiaires* are being more than ever smothered in garlands and posies by their enthusiastic friends. At Kensington Town Hall, last week, Mrs. Cleland Cornwell received quite a floral ovation in acknowledgment of her undeniably charming vocal efforts, two new songs by Vivian Grey and C. Wilson, in which both composers accompanied, being especially well received. In addition to Mrs. Cleland Cornwell's performance there were whistling solos of very florid and facile accomplishment by Mr. Charles Capper; recitations, furiously funny or gently pathetic, by Mr. Kirwan; tenor solos, conjugating the inevitable *Amo*, doubly irresistible as rendered by Mr. William Nicholl; while the pianoforte was exercised to its extreme limits of expression in Liszt's fine "Widmung" by Signorina Bice Cerasoli. Altogether, out of "many sich," this concert deserves a special note of praise, no less by reason of its strong list of artists than the admirable manner in which they accounted for a particularly attractive programme.

In other portions of this paper various portraits and sketches appear in connection with the opening of the Manchester Ship Canal. The accompanying photograph of Staff-Commander Philip D. Oules, of the



Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

STAFF-COMMANDER OULES.

Enchantress, will interest all those who have the pleasure of acquaintance with this gallant officer. He became a navigating sub-lieutenant in 1867, navigating lieutenant in 1874, and staff-commander eleven years later. He is qualified to take charge of any of her Majesty's ships of the first class. Staff-Commander Oules is, it may be also worth mentioning, a brother of the famous Royal Academician.

I was very badly treated over the Manchester Cup. How universal is the backing of horses, and how prevalent are the tips concerning sure things! In the beginning, or, if I may be allowed to say so, aboriginally, I was told on the very best of bad authority that Mr. Taylor's horse was bound for the winning-post, and I was advised to invest upon it all I could beg, borrow, or steal. In a weak hour I plunged. Two days later came a man who once stood a jockey a drink, and is, consequently, esteemed an oracle. He told me in the strictest of confidence that, unless the bottom of the heavens fell out, Paddy would simply dance in yards in front of the rest. He implored me not to let the chance go by, and I accordingly covered my first bet by attending to the chances of Paddy. Then came a man who backed Grand Duke at Newmarket, and, consequently, commands my respectful admiration. "Watercress is a dead cert," he said; "back her both ways, and you'll live to thank me." So I backed her both ways, and am living in hopes of thanking him soon—when I meet him, in fact. Having secured three dead certainties, I went about in a state of great delight, and put on all the side I could carry. Paris seemed good for a visit on the Friday afternoon, then a cut across to Monte Carlo; then I would buy a certain houseboat that a friend of mine is anxious to dispose of, and I would ask—but that doesn't matter. When, on that Friday afternoon, a dirty little boy charged me a penny for a peep at his copy of the *Star*, and I searched in vain for a familiar name, I was too thunderstruck for swear-words. I thought at first it might be a misprint, but a hurried excursion to my club revealed the painful truth. To make my happiness complete, as I returned to my rooms, the boy in the lift, observing my worried look, said, "You ain't won, Sir?" I nodded savagely. "Ah," he said; "I 'ad Shanertha and Red Ensign giv' to me; but I 'ad no money to back 'em, Sir."

When Cissy Loftus made her first appearance in public, and created such a *furor*, I sought a mirthful music-hall at the hour of *matinée*, and endured the torture of low comedians and throaty serios for nearly three-quarters of an hour. I came to the conclusion that Cissy was clever, but not clever enough to justify the excitement. I thought then, and still think, that the charm of her performance is its childish *abandon*; we recognise that a young girl is entertaining us, and are duly grateful. It is to be feared that in two or three years the clever child will become the clever young woman, and clever young women are at a discount. But, while I feel justified in expressing an opinion as to what is, I fear, inevitable, all praise is due to Miss Loftus for a clever piece of mimicry she lately gave a Palace audience at very short notice. The entertainment was going on as usual with imitations of Hayden Coffin, Florence St. John, and others, when Manager Morton came on and said that, if the audience would excuse Cissy for a moment, she would imitate Yvette Guilbert. A minute later the clever little mimic appeared in the low-cut dress, long black gloves, and other particular paraphernalia of the French singer. She started, and the house was convulsed. Every action, every gesture, every mannerism of Yvette were reproduced with a truth which was truly great, and, needless to say, the house recognised the fidelity of the portrait and screamed itself hoarse. "There," said my friend, who has taken a great dislike to Guilbert, "I hope this will convince the British public that it has been made a fool of." I was told later in the evening that Yvette herself had trained Cissy Loftus in the imitation.

Truly, the ways of up-to-date youth are more devious than those of the heathen Chinee. When the average unseasoned man is suffering from what Alice Gilbert once described to me as "an attack of youngness" he will do strangely silly things. The latest of his actions, however, fills me with amusement. There is at present a piece running merrily in London which is being almost entirely supported by the up-to-date young man and his friends. The latter he has placed in the chorus, and he pays a premium to the management—presumably, that they may be taught to act. He himself being smitten with a passion for dramatic art, or something, likewise goes upon the stage as a "super," sometimes entirely (?) without the knowledge of the management.

I see it stated that the Paris *Figaro* does not intend to appoint a successor to M. Johnson as London correspondent of that journal. Johnson lived twenty years among us without understanding either our language or our habits, but that it is possible for a Parisian to understand both is shown by the success of M. Villard, the amiable and accomplished correspondent of the *Débats*. Oddly enough, there are still French writers who follow the disgraceful examples cited by Mr. Hamerton in his excellent book on the French and English, by deliberately manufacturing lies for the purpose of inflaming international animosities. One of these creatures has just published a book in which there are four hundred pages of inaccurate rubbish. This student of our manners says that every Englishwoman is a drunkard, that drunkenness on Sunday in England is universal, and that whenever you see a venerable gentleman intoxicated at a club you may be sure he is the chairman of a local temperance society.

Everybody who has ever toiled through the mysteries of shorthand must feel a glow of satisfaction over the knighthood conferred upon Mr. Isaac Pitman. I have the most vivid recollection of Pitman's system. There is not a line or curve that is not burnt into my memory; and yet, like other eminent persons, including Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Rosebery, I was never able to decipher the beautiful hieroglyphics I had written. But it is still a rapture to recall the exquisite ingenuity of the combinations, and when I am not very well I can see them marching in procession on the wall-paper as I lie in bed. I believe that if I had a violent blow on the head at this moment, instead of seeing stars, I should behold a number of proud and agitated symbols, which, by a flash of inspiration, I should translate into "Rise, Sir Isaac Pitman," or "Turn again, Isaac, Knight of Phonography."

ELMHURST HALL, LICHFIELD.



The Prince of Wales spends to-day at Elmhurst Hall, near Lichfield, which has been lent to the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland by Mr. George Fox for the reception of his Royal Highness. This morning the Prince is to inspect the Warwickshire and Staffordshire Yeomanry—

of which the Duke is honorary colonel—on the Common, and in the afternoon he will be present at the regimental tournament. His visit is necessarily brief, for he has to return to town to-morrow morning for the Drawing Room.



THE OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

Verdi's "Falstaff" will teach us a good deal about the musical taste of the general public. It has started its English career splendidly: what better "send-off" could one have than a splendid performance and the unanimous admiration of the critics? It comes, too, warmly recommended by the name of its composer and author. What, then, will be its fate? There can be no doubt about its merits. Both Verdi and Boito have



Photo by G. B. Altadonna, Trent.

SIGNOR BEDUSCHI AS DES GRIEUX IN PUCCINI'S "MANON LESCAUT."

been entirely in earnest, and they are men of genius, and their work, consequently, is a masterpiece. One may almost say that Verdi has been too much in earnest—that, if the opera fail to delight the public, it will be because he has been too true to the lofty scheme of conventions he has adopted. He has chosen a theme the only result of success in the treatment of which must be merriment and simple joyous pleasure, but he has determined that the public shall only be pleased if it finds itself in sympathy with his conventions.

However keen the pleasure that those who love music deeply enough to have studied it can take in the finesse and subtlety of the orchestration, in the wonderful ingenuity of the accompaniment, it is a pleasure denied to the general public. We can have delight in the means, but the public only in the result. Now, if one can find anything to say against the work, it is that the result hardly seems in proportion to the marvellous quality of the means. Consequently, the critic has as much the best of it as the public had with Verdi's early works. To us the arrested airs, the brilliant, almost lightning flashes of melody, the prompt interruption of *cantabile* passages have their reason and justification; but to many some disappointment will come.

Nevertheless, from the higher points of view, these considerations are vain. Absolutely speaking, the work is a masterpiece. A subject which at first sight seems to offer little to the musician is so handled that from

beginning to end it is brimful of humour, resulting from most severely restrained means. There are passages that do not easily yield up their qualities, and he who would get his pleasure from them must lend careful attention; but it may be said that there is hardly a bar in the opera that is really dull.

No doubt, we should all have rejoiced if the love scenes between Fenton and Anne Ford had been developed at greater length—if the lovely phrases, "*Bocca baciata non perde venture, Anzi rinnova come fa la luna,*" were not so tantalisingly short; yet the outcome of their shortness is to make one wish to hear them again and again.

The most noticeable feature of the performance was the apparent pleasure of the artists in their work. Signor Pessina, the Falstaff, really seemed to enjoy himself; he used his charming voice with a hearty vigour that hid all suggestion of effort, yet showed himself a thorough artist both as singer and actor. Signor Pini-Corsi, the Ford, though he seemed to force his voice at times, was very successful, particularly in his jealousy song. Signor Beduschi, the admirable Des Grieux in "Manon Lescaut," sang very prettily as Fenton. It can hardly be denied that Signorina Giulia Ravogli, as Mistress Quickly, was guilty of over-acting; in other respects, she and Signora Olghina, as Anne, and Signorine Zilli and Kitzu were delightful. The mounting, very happily, hit the mean between baldness and over-gorgeousness. Signor Mancinelli, though sometimes he allowed the brass to have its own way too much, gave an exceedingly good reading of the work, and made the most of an excellent orchestra and chorus.

Madame Sigrid Arnoldson has made a decided success as Nedda in Leonecavallo's "I Pagliacci," a rôle which admirably serves to display the high ability of the Swedish soprano. This singer owed some of the interest felt in her career to the kindly action of her compatriot, Madame Christine Nilsson, who recommended Miss Arnoldson to the late Maurice Strakosch. After making her *début* in Moscow, she came to London, and sang with especial favour in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia."

Madame Scalchi, after three years' absence from England, is going to sing with Madame Albani at a charity concert on June 4, in the Queen's Hall. The last time the writer heard this popular operatic contralto was in a provincial Corn Exchange, where Madame Scalchi roused the rustics to immense enthusiasm, one auditor adding to the applause by such a stunning manipulation of his walking-stick that he had to be removed.

Miss Esther Palliser is again delighting her many admirers, having happily recovered from a somewhat prolonged indisposition. She sang Bemberg's valse, "Nymphes et Sylvains" (accompanied by the composer) most charmingly at the excellent concert given last Wednesday evening in aid of the Royal Hospital for Children and Women.



Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

MADAME SIGRID ARNOLDSON AS NEDDA IN "I PAGLIACCI."

SOME OF THE CAST IN "FALSTAFF," AT COVENT GARDEN.



Photo by Pagliano and Riccardi, Milan.
SIGNOR ARTURO PESSINA (SIR JOHN FALSTAFF).



Photo by G. Rossi, Milan.
SIGNOR PINI-CORSI (FORD).



Photo by G. Rossi, Milan.
SIGNORINA E. ZILLI AS MISTRESS FORD.



Photo by A. Ferrario, Milan.
SIGNORA OLGA OLGHINA (ANNE).

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"THE KING OF SCHNORRERS."*

It is not many months since Mr. Zangwill complained dismally at a gathering of bibliophiles that he could not have the children of the Ghetto with him always, nor write of Jews for Jews, and others, as the public seemed to desire. If I do not misjudge him, the very wealth of appreciation given to "Ghetto Tragedies" was in some part a grievance of his, since the success of the book had set the public hungering for more of that particular knowledge and fine treatment which he displayed in it. And he does not for a moment believe that a literary shoemaker should stick to his last. "Let the novelist be 'well travelled in the ways of men' if he is to continue to amuse" is his maxim; and it may be that a little weariness of subject has accompanied this labour of writing "The King of Schnorrers," and is reflected in those pages of it which even the enthusiast would not describe as unflagging. Yet to many the book will come as a revelation, and especially to those who have judged from the title that it is a romance of Dreamland or a Japanese love story. For, in truth, it is a work abounding in cleverly-presented knowledge of the Jewish community in London at the close of the eighteenth century; and it includes one portrait, at any rate, which may stand for all time as a triumph of characterisation and analysis.

"This is the Jew which Shakspeare drew" in some part, certainly. "The King of Schnorrers (beggars)," "in those days when Tevele Schiff was Rabbi in Israel and Dr. de Falk the Master of the Tetragrammaton, and the composer of 'The Death of Nelson' was a choir-boy in the Great Synagogue"—in those days Manasseh Bueno Barzillai Azevedo da Costa waits upon the threshold of the synagogue, and we have his kingly virtues set forth with a judicious play of detail which is everywhere art. Here is a beggar who can confound the Mahamad with his knowledge of the Ascama; a beggar who can quote the law like a railway porter quotes a time-table, and more accurately; a beggar whose nobility of manner carries forgetfulness of his rags; a schnorrer who could cheat the Devil out of his cloven hoof if ten minutes' disputation were permitted to him. And this man stands without the synagogue, but apart from the other schnorrers, as he is apart from them in magnificent range of begging ability. For the commonplace charities of the copper kings he has no heart. Joseph Grobstock, a Gabbai and a financier, who has thrown prize-packets to a delighted horde of Hebrews, casts a packet also to him, but receives it back upon the bridge of the nose with curses and with scorn. As the beggar rolls the sacred texts off his lips, the pillar of the synagogue feels "as if his paunch were shrinking." From reproach the rich man passes to humility. The King to whom the paltry packet had been tossed receives, in lieu of a florin or a crown, a couple of guineas, and even then he has not done with Grobstock. He has still to procure himself an invitation as a Sabbath guest to the merchant's house, and there to relieve his host, by consummate impudence and effrontery, of half his wardrobe and of more of his guineas.

From this point the history of the King is chiefly seen in the apotheosis of beggary, and in the disposal of his daughter to Yankel ben Yitzchok, a dirty Tedesco schnorrer, and a rogue of altogether meaner instincts than Manasseh. The scene in which the unwashed Yankelé timorously ventures upon the subject of his love (and his money) is admirable; but the King reminds him that he has not proved himself a worthy beggar, and sets him a test. He must dine with Rabbi Remorse Red-herring, a Pole and a guzzler, and the meanest of mankind. The task is so colossal that the Tedesco quails before it; yet Manasseh

is immovable. He himself has, in the between time, thrown off a few airy displays of his own art, forcing his way into a theatre, and to the best box in the house, without a ticket, and thus stamping himself as a King even of deadheads. Yankelé is not expected to shine with such a lustre of impudence as this, but to the Rabbi's he must go; and in a picture which is vital in its sordidness, and even in the repulsiveness of its colouring, the Pole triumphs, and breaks a pasty with the toper. The subsequent development of the story, in which Manasseh compels the Mahamad to give sanction to the marriage, and vows a hundred pounds to the synagogue, which he begs of the members, is unequal, but contains many fine things, and one or two of those surprises in phrasing for which Mr. Zangwill stands alone. Here, however, he has run the risk of beating his subject too thin, and there are pages which are almost tiresome, though never pages which are not clever.

If there will be divided opinions about the merits of "The King of

Schnorrers," I venture to think that the short stories which help to make this volume a substantial one will find little but praise. The fine piece of mock melodrama, "Cheating the Gallows," reminds one through all its pages of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and is the same story with a difference. The idea of one man playing the part of two men is not new; but the handling of it is masterly, and the resulting whole is very powerful. Of infinitely more charm, however, is an exquisite little cameo under the title, "The Principal Boy," the story of a man who makes love to a girl by running away from her, and of the girl's subsequently coming to tights and green-room slang through the vulgar necessity of living. The return of the lover, who believes that the girl is out as a governess, and his discovery of her, in scanty clothing, waiting to entertain a stout and loud-mouthed stage-manager of the conventional type, is highly dramatic; and the scene is well emphasised by the hysteria of the "principal boy," which finds vent in a torrent of slang and abuse. But the gem of the volume is the trifle entitled "A Successful Operation," a mere four-page story, for which one would exchange cheerfully three volumes of every-day pathos, and one which shows Mr. Zangwill almost at the apex of his art. It is the story of a man who has forbidden his son's marriage with a "penniless, friendless" girl, of a man subsequently stricken with blindness, and come to be dependent upon his son for the pittance which maintains him. There being a



Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

MR. I. ZANGWILL.

possibility that an operation will drag the man from that which he thinks the irrevocable dark, the girl he has shunned watches him with tenderness and care through the days of waiting and the critical time. He recovers his sight, and there is none more joyous than she; but when her child is born it is blind.

Such are the depths of Mr. Zangwill's pathos; and for pathos, rather than for humour, should the reader look in this volume, which bears upon it the stamp of a close observer, and of one who clothes his abundant ideas in crisp and vigorous language, which neither wants grace nor exudes affectation.

MAX PEMBERTON.

BAGGED THE WRONG BIRD.

Young Hardupp vowed a mighty vow:
"I'll wed a girl with cash," said he;
"I'll bag a millionairess, though
I sue a year on bended knee."

He sued a year on bended knee,
With constancy that never flagged;
But, oh, no maiden rich bagged he—
'Twas but his trousers that he bagged.—*Life* (N.Y.).

* "The King of Schnorrers." By I. Zangwill. London: William Heinemann.

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SOME LONDON PUBLISHERS.

I.—MESSRS. LONGMAN.

One by one, during the past half-century, the links which connected the old landmarks of the publishing trade with the new have disappeared. Only two existing firms, the Longmans and John Murray, can claim to have had their origin in the last century. The history of the Longmans goes back nearly fifty years earlier than that of



Photo by Barraud, Oxford Street, W.

MR. C. J. LONGMAN.

their great rival, John Murray, although, as a matter of fact, the real origin of the house was due to Thomas Guy, the philanthropic bookseller who built and endowed the great hospital which bears his name. The Longmans were originally a Bristol family, and played a conspicuous part in the commercial history of that city during the seventeenth century. The founder of the present firm, Thomas Longman, was born there in 1699, and when seventeen years of age was bound apprentice to John Osborn, Guy's successor, bookseller and stationer, of Lombard Street, London.

Thomas Longman played the part of the Industrious Apprentice to the latter, and in due time married his master's daughter. The first mention we get of Thomas Longman as a distinct and responsible individuality is in 1724, when W. Innys and John Osborn, as executors of William Taylor, sold him "all the household goods and books, both bound and in sheets, according to valuation," of Taylor for a sum of £2282 9s. 6d., "to be paid by the said Thomas Longman." It should be remembered that this value would be represented now by about twice that sum. Taylor was an exceedingly prosperous publisher, his greatest "hit" being "Robinson Crusoe," out of which he is said to have made a fortune. The purchase money was probably advanced by Osborn, who shortly afterwards left Lombard Street and joined his son-in-law as partner. It would be interesting to know the exact amount which has been drawn out of this house by the several partners, the fortune of more than one amounting to over £200,000. It is a disputed point as to which was the first book published by T. Longman, and perhaps the question is of bibliographical rather than general interest. For a long time the tradition ran that T. Longman published his first book in 1726.

It is certain that his name occurs, with those of Innys and Osborn, in a prospectus (dated October, 1724) for a proposal to print an edition of the works of the Hon. Robert Boyle, but whether the book appeared—which is very unlikely—in that year I am not certain; I find it, however, in conjunction with Jacob Tonson, on the title-page of Philips's "Distressed Mother," 1725.

The first great "hit" of the new firm was made in 1728, when T. Longman purchased for £50 one sixty-fourth share of Ephraim Chambers's "Cyclopædia," the parent of all our encyclopædias, and, possibly the most successful of them all financially. It had an enormous sale, and as the other proprietors died off Longman purchased their shares, of which in 1740 he possessed eleven out of sixty-four. In 1755 we find him acting in unison with several other publishers in bringing out Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. The original Thomas Longman died in 1755, leaving his business to his nephew, partner, and namesake. During the next half-century we find Longman's imprint on all sorts of books, from "Gil Blas" to Cocker's Arithmetic, from "Humphrey Clinker" to "Rasselas." The second T. Longman, under whom the business flourished greatly, died in 1797, and Thomas Norton Longman not only took up the reins of government, but introduced some much needed new blood into the concern. He purchased in 1799 a large share in Lindley Murray's English Grammar, for which there is still some demand. This book is probably the longest-lived and most profitable of any educational work ever published. The next venture—a great one in every respect—was a thoroughly revised edition of Chambers's "Cyclopædia." This was undertaken by Abraham Rees, who numbered among his contributors such men as Humphry Davy, John Flaxman, Henry Brougham, Sharon Turner, and John Abernethy.

Early in the present century the house of Longman became known as the publishers of "The Lake Poets," of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, out of whom, it is quite certain, not only that the house reaped no profit, but sustained a considerable loss—at all events, for several years. Coleridge's translation of Schiller's "Wallenstein" remained on hand for about sixteen years. Early in the century, also, I find the firm publishing such—to me, most unpromising—books as Paley's "Natural Theology," of which ten editions were sold in seven years, Pinkerton's Geography, Cowper's "Homer." It is not generally known that Longman might have become Byron's publisher, for he was offered the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers"; but he, not unnaturally, declined to have anything to do with a poem which so severely lashed many of his "own poets." The story of Moore's £3000 for "Lalla Rookh" is too well known to be repeated, and the same may be said of the historic cheque for £20,000 which the Longmans paid to Macaulay merely "on account" of his share in the profits of the first four volumes of his History of England. On two occasions Messrs. Longman have acquired business stocks and connections, each of which constituted a very large firm. In 1862 they acquired the business of J. W. Parker, the publisher of the works of H. T. Buckle, J. A. Froude, John Stuart Mill, and many other eminent authors. Twenty-eight years later—in 1890—they purchased the old-established and prosperous business of Messrs. Rivington, probably one of the most important transactions of its kind which ever transpired in the publishing world.

In a brief sketch such as the present it has been found neither desirable nor practicable to enter fully into the *personnel* of the firm during the past 170 years. At the present time there are five partners, four of whom are Longmans. The late Charles Knight, in his "Shadows of the Old Booksellers," has declared that "the baptismal name of Thomas has descended in the firm as regularly as that of the four Georges," and, I may add, as regularly as that of the house of John Murray. Since Knight wrote, a fifth Thomas has ascended the throne of Longman, for the present head is Mr. Thomas Norton Longman, who was educated partly at Harrow and partly in Paris, and who has numbered among his many literary friends the late Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Charles J. Longman, his cousin, is the editor of *Longman's Magazine*, and these two gentlemen superintend the general publishing of the house. Mr. George H. Longman and Mr. H. H. Longman, like Mr. Charles, are

855. J

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both University men, and superintend different branches of the concern, the fifth partner being Mr. W. Ellerby Green.

From its earliest days the firm of Longmans has been justly famous for its classical and educational literature, and a glance through its classified catalogue of over one hundred pages will prove that this is still an important branch of its extensive trade, in which, however, every section is represented, and by the best authorities. During the last few years the Longmans have published some very successful books, notably the Badminton series, nearly every one of which has gone into from two to five editions, while the first editions of several and the large paper copies



Photo by Vandyk, Gloucester Road, S.W.
MR. T. NORTON LONGMAN.

of all excite very keen competition when they appear in the sale-room. The history of Longmans is, in a word, the history of English literature of the past century and three-quarters, and a mere glance at their catalogues will show that, as hitherto, they publish the works of some of the most eminent authors of the present century.

W. ROBERTS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Perhaps, if Mr. Alfred Austin had had no particular garden in his mind's-eye, he would have written even a more charming book than "The Garden that I Love" (Macmillan). To describe, without being tediously exact, an existing place, and translate its sentiment into words, is a difficult thing to do: you must hold so delicate a balance between actual and imaginative fact. A dream garden would have been an easier thing to describe and give reality to.

Mr. Austin's is outwardly and inwardly a pretty book, but it is not quite good enough for its title or its *genre*. You will hardly put it on the shelf with Walton, for instance, or Walton's few other peers among books of country lore. First, in its definiteness, it is not quite definite enough. He names and paints the flowers that bloom from May to October, and tells how he brings them up, but there is nowhere a very clear idea given of the garden itself as a living thing. The pictures, too, are a little distracting, many of them suggesting bits in some large park-like place, tended by a syndicate of gardeners, rather than corners in the intimate plot of ground that claimed a poet's love.

But the interspersed verses have a gentle beauty about them, and those beginning "If love could last" are among the bright spots of the book. And those are better still that end like this—

Had I a garden, it should grow
Shelter where feeble feet
Might loiter long, or wander slow,
And deem decadence sweet;
Pausing, might ponder on the past,
Vague twilight in their eyes,
Wane calmer, comelier, to the last,
Then die, as autumn dies.

Veronica just escapes being a successful character, escapes it by charming readers less than they are led to infer she charmed the guests of the garden. The spinsterly spirit of order in her is made too apparent. In real life we think she might have been a little disagreeable. Lamb, of whom she might have been a friend, would have made us feel quite the contrary.

The other drawback to the full enjoyment of the garden is that Mr. Austin has made it the occasional scene of a kind of "Friends in Council" intellectual entertainment. Lamia, a damsel of variable moods, the poet, the poet-gardener, and Veronica discourse on high themes. Now, conversation, except on trivialities, or unless it be the passionate dialogue of two, can never be reported; only the matter of it can be set down, and that is but a small part of conversation. If Boswell and Eckermann had been artists, they would have often writhed at their own clumsiness. And when the conversation is not first-rate—as why should it be in a summer garden?—one would much prefer to listen to the buzzing of bees and the rustling of leaves. One pretty discussion on what constitutes "charm," however, is a happy exception.

Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine, and Company will shortly publish a little volume by Miss Violet Hunt, entitled "The Maiden's Progress." The volume will be entirely made up of dialogues, with a certain connecting link, and will give the life-history, as it were, up to her marriage, of an impulsive girl, who has had a great many lovers and a great many love affairs. Those who have seen Miss Hunt's very bright and readable sketches in various newspapers will look forward with very considerable interest to her first literary effort in the shape of a book. Miss Violet Hunt is the daughter of Mr. Alfred W. Hunt, the well-known water-colour artist, whose wife, it may also be remembered, has written many successful novels.

A charming volume, outwardly and inwardly, is "Persephone, and other Poems" (Sampson Low), by K. McCosh Clark. The authoress has drunk deep draughts of ancient philosophy and mythology, as is evidenced particularly in the poems "Socrates" and "Hero and Leander." In form and sentiment these are admirable examples of verse dealing with classic themes. But there is in Mrs. Clark's poetry more than mere mythology clothed in rhythm: there is the imagination of a highly-observant mind. She is a true lover of flowers, and through some of her poems there blows the perfume of the garden. One of her happiest metaphors is that applied to memories of the past, which are

Like the treasures of the ocean bed
That deep-stirred waves wash forth upon the shore.

The poem entitled "Life" is a veritable canticle of the seasons, sung by one who has a quick eye for noting the subtle changes of the year. A well-told story in verse is "By the Salt Sea Waves." "The Children's Hour"—which had previously inspired Longfellow in a different manner—is daintily treated, and there are many other poems in the book well worthy of Mrs. Clark's undoubted genius.

The authoress of "The Honourable Stanbury," the first of three stories, which gives the title to one of the handy volumes in the Pseudonym Library which has rapidly attained success, is Miss Charlotte Stewart. Her portrait I have the pleasure of reproducing. She modestly replies to my query for information that she has "really had no literary career to speak of." She was one of the contributors to the now defunct *Woman's World*; when that periodical was under the editorship of Mr. Oscar Wilde, and some work of Miss Stewart's has also appeared in *Cassell's Magazine*. She has written for many years "for amusement, and with no definite view of publication," and in this she has found "immense pleasure and interest." Some of the pleasure, and a good deal of that interest, she has allowed her readers to share. Miss Stewart cordially acknowledges the encouragement she has received from Mr. T. Fisher Unwin and his reader. The little



Photo by Webster Brothers, Daysater.
MISS CHARLOTTE STEWART.

volume entitled "The Honourable Stanbury" was noticed in this column recently, so further mention of the delicate insight shown by Miss Stewart in her portion of the book is unnecessary. In particular, the skill and pathos with which she has told the story of "Poor Miss Skeat" will attract attention to the future achievements of this writer.

o. o.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Religious art will, of course, never die; it has its roots in the essential artistic ideas of human nature; but we may reasonably doubt if religious art will find many new forms of self-expression in our hopelessly secular and material generation. Von Uhde, indeed, a few years ago, astonished all and captivated many of us by the frank and ultimate lengths to which he pushed his perfectly legitimate theories. But his method—the old method of Christian painters and the “natural” method of the Greeks—seems to exhaust the legitimate methods of religious art, so far as experience goes.

But a later school, reared in France, has adopted another method, which we cannot for a moment bring ourselves to approve. Let us call it the melodramatic method. To this family that famous Salon picture of two or three years ago, which represented the guests at the house of Simon the Pharisee as Frenchmen, and Magdalene as a high-class, belaced and be-silked Paris courtesan, had an element of peculiar vulgarity of its own.



DOWN TO THE RIVER.—H. CLARENCE WHAITE.
Exhibited at the Royal Academy.



"MY FRIENDS."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. AND R. LAVIS, EASTBOURNE.

Now, although we do not associate Mr. Wehrschmidt's large picture at the Fine Art Society's rooms with a vulgarity such as this, we cannot but rank it with the modern, religioso-melodramatic method of dealing with religious subjects. He calls the painting "Peace! Be Still," and appeals to one's sense of melodrama and the less refined pleasures in life. It is possible, of course, to enjoy, in a sense, "The Corsican Brothers" or "The Bells"; certain of one's rougher emotions might be stirred by these far more deeply than by a performance of "As You Like It." Nevertheless, one would not rank Erckmann-Chatrian exactly before Shakspeare—a moral which we commend to Mr. Wehrschmidt.

Another large picture of a more or less religious character hangs in the same room, painted by Mr. A. E. Emslie. The subject is "Passing to Eternity," and represents the very ancient allegory of the human race, the old and the young, the wretched and the fortunate, awaiting their passage over the dividing river. The subject, worked, as Mr. Emslie

It hangs at Graves's Galleries, and the portraits that are included in it are, for the most part, accurate and clever. It is an interesting historical document, with all kinds of memories bound up in it, and recollections of stirring times and exciting moments. But, after all, what is the good of mere history to art? Where history is not "mere," Van Dyck or Velasquez might tell what good it is. But their answer scarcely concerns Mr. Ponsonby Staples's clever achievement.

Here we are again! Mr. Hamilton Aidé gives us a new "turn" at the Goupil Gallery. He comes no longer as playwright or poet, but as a painter. He has roamed through Greece, Italy, Egypt, and many another land in search of the picturesque, and has more or less found it. If his work is not exactly painterly and solid, let us frankly allow that it is pleasant, interesting, intelligent, and observant. Mr. Aidé often succeeds in trapping beauty, as it were, on the wing, and in fixing it momentarily, lightly, and gracefully in his personal art.



M. SARDOU DIRECTING A REHEARSAL OF "MADAME SANS-GÊNE."—G. CAIN.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

works it, upon an enormous scale, is, it will be readily conceived, an extremely ambitious one, and we cannot conscientiously declare that Mr. Emslie has been altogether successful. Only a Michael Angelo could have been all this. However, Mr. Emslie has a certain vigour of imagination, and although, for all his striving, he often strives in vain, it must be acknowledged that he has a quiet and pleasant sense of harmonic rhythm and colour, and that, eagerly embracing the commonplace, he has embraced it to considerable effect.

Mr. Ponsonby Staples is one of that class of artists who seek for success in historic and personal subjects rather than in art for its own sake. The artists of the "Death of Lord Chatham" and the "Death of Nelson" count, in Elysium, the reproductions of their works by the thousand, where Rembrandt enjoys the immortality of the reproduction, say, of his "Jewish Rabbi" with the "unforgettable eyes," about a dozen times in the century. (Messieurs les Pédants, please excuse insignificant inaccuracies!) It is a form of winning human success, but it is not art.

Having these facts in view, let us say of Mr. Staples's picture of "The Introduction in the House of Commons by Mr. Gladstone of the Second Home Rule Bill" (as Mr. R. L. Stevenson would say, "Golly, what a mouthful!") that it precisely and accurately fulfils its intention.

Mr. Whistler must be preparing another volume on "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," if we may judge by his recent excursions into controversy. His attack on Mr. Du Maurier is, perhaps, a subject with which the mere journalist can scarcely feel himself altogether responsible enough to deal. It is certain that both Mr. Whistler and Mr. Du Maurier have each succeeded in rousing in the other a deep sense of bitterness. And Mr. Whistler, as he is wont to be when his feelings are very bitterly roused, is less clear in his letter than he might have been if it had been a mere matter of humorous controversy.

On the other hand, in his controversy with Mr. Spielmann, Mr. Whistler, thoroughly governing his pen, is altogether charming. It was a gay, if maliciously gay, thought to give up his subscription to a certain paper because Mr. Spielmann had defended the nude against the Corporation of Glasgow; and if it was done to "draw" Mr. Spielmann the plot succeeded admirably. Mr. Spielmann had the questionable taste to suggest that Mr. Whistler did but withdraw his name from the free list, and the further misfortune to declare that Mr. Whistler had lost his sense of the ridiculous. The first suggestion Mr. Whistler allowed the editor of the paper to rebut, and, in further answer, informed Mr. Spielmann that he had so far preserved his sense of the ridiculous as to have laughed boisterously at the sight of Mr. Spielmann's "pas seul, with uplifted skirts, before the embarrassed President."



FOR FUN.—MADAME HENRIETTE RONNER.
Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

The wit is mordant, but it is exquisite, and, on the whole, we cannot feel altogether sorry for Mr. Spielmann.

An exhibition of the work of Glasgow artists is to be opened at the Continental Gallery, New Bond Street, on Friday. The exhibition consists of about 150 pictures, from four to six being lent by each



THE TEMPLE AND STEPS AT CAWNPORE.—JOHN VARLEY.
Exhibited at the Japanese Gallery, New Bond Street.

contributor. After being shown for about six weeks in London, the pictures will be taken to Berlin, Cologne, and Düsseldorf. The pictures, which will be under the charge of Mr. Dierken, will be on sale, and should the venture be successful, it is intended to hold similar exhibitions annually.

Among the artistic queer folks of the Continent is the armless painter of the Antwerp Museum. A writer in *L'Intermédiaire des Chercheurs et Curieux* says that he visited the museum almost daily for twenty-five

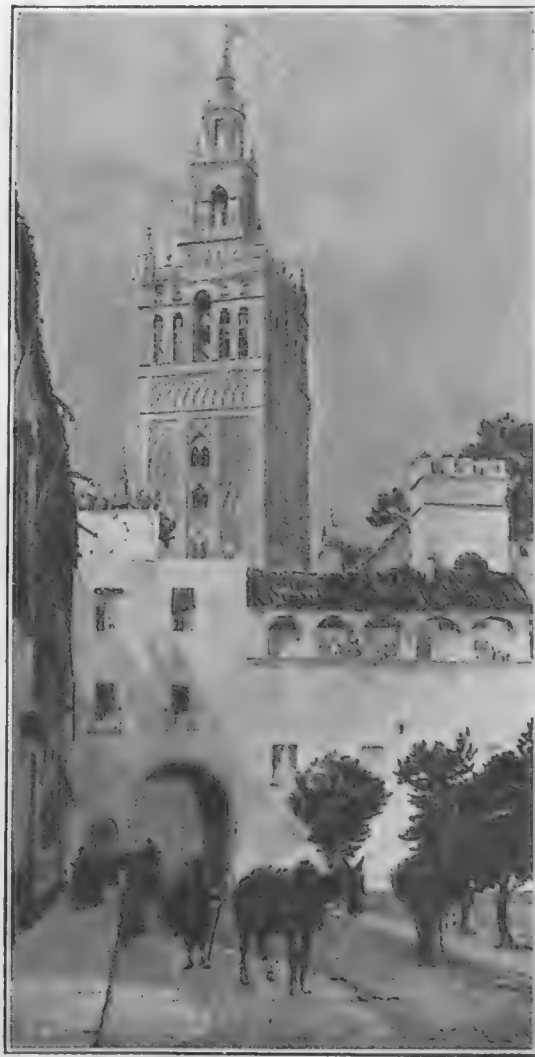


CARAVAN PASSING THE GORGE OF THE BORAK PASS
ON THE FROZEN RIVER TEREK.—THE EARL OF DUNMORE.
Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, New Bond Street.

years, and always found this artist, "his right foot gloved (or should we say shod?) with a mitten, and armed with a brush, with which he copied and recopied incessantly—not without talent—the principal pictures in this fine museum. These copies sold somewhat dear among the visitors, especially English people." In these pages, not long ago, was an account of an armless lady who paints exceedingly well.



"AFTER DINNER REST AWHILE."—NELLIE DOWE.
Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.



SOUTH DOOR, SANTIAGO CATHEDRAL.
A. WALLACE RIMINGTON.
Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery.



DARBY AND JOAN.—FANNIE MOODY.
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD AND ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.
ANDREA DEL SARTO.

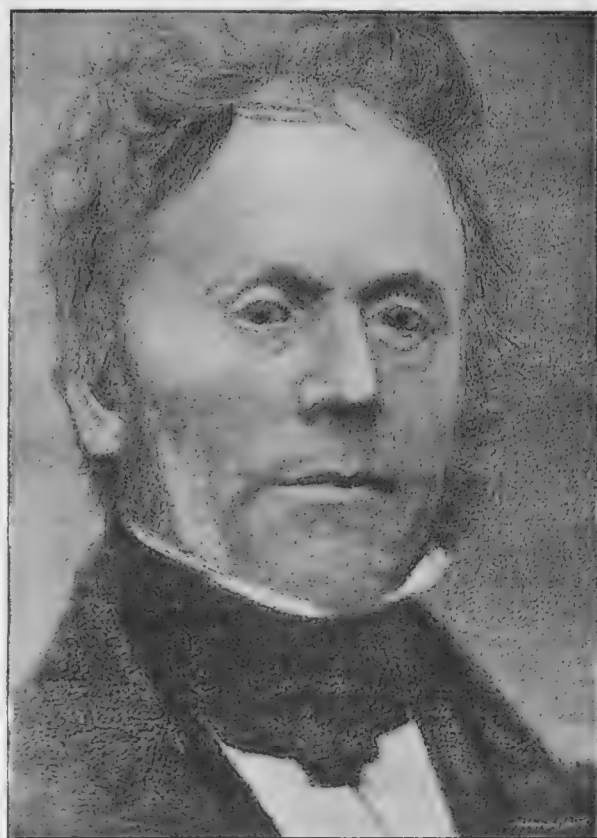
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SANS SOUCI.—FRANCIS J. WYBURD.
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.

Mr. J. Vincent Gibson has added another *magnum opus* to his previous well-known *ensemble* pictures of "The Quorn Hunt," "The Coaching Club," and "The Meet of the Four-in-Hand Club" (which have been engraved) in his "Royal Ascot." This large canvas, sixteen feet by eight, is now on view at McLean's, in the Haymarket. It was painted under a commission from Colonel "Nitrate" North. The sporting world will readily recognise the scores of speaking likenesses of the principal Turf celebrities who habitually frequent the Royal Enclosure. Particularly happy are the portraits of the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Devonshire, Richmond, Portland, and Beaufort, of Lord Russell (formerly Sir Charles), Sir Henry Hawkins, Sir Frederick Milner, Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord George Nevill, and, naturally, Colonel North. The pretty faces of many noble dames give as pleasant an impression as the elegance of their gowns. A string of thoroughbreds in the distance helps to complete the atmosphere of a representative Cup Day.

Those who have had the pleasure of seeing Mr. W. M. Conway's handsome book on his travels in the Himalayas had last week an opportunity of comparing the splendidly-printed illustrations therein with Mr. A. D. McCormick's original sketches. These were exhibited at Clifford's Inn Hall, and attracted much attention. Messrs. Unwin, the printers of Mr. Conway's work, have every reason to be proud of the way in which they have realised the artist's intentions in the delicate distribution of light and shade. Mr. Conway's book is exciting as great interest as Mr. Whymper's account of his wonderful travels did. The reading public is always ready



WILLIAM MOORE.—PAINTED BY HIS SON, THE LATE
ALBERT MOORE.

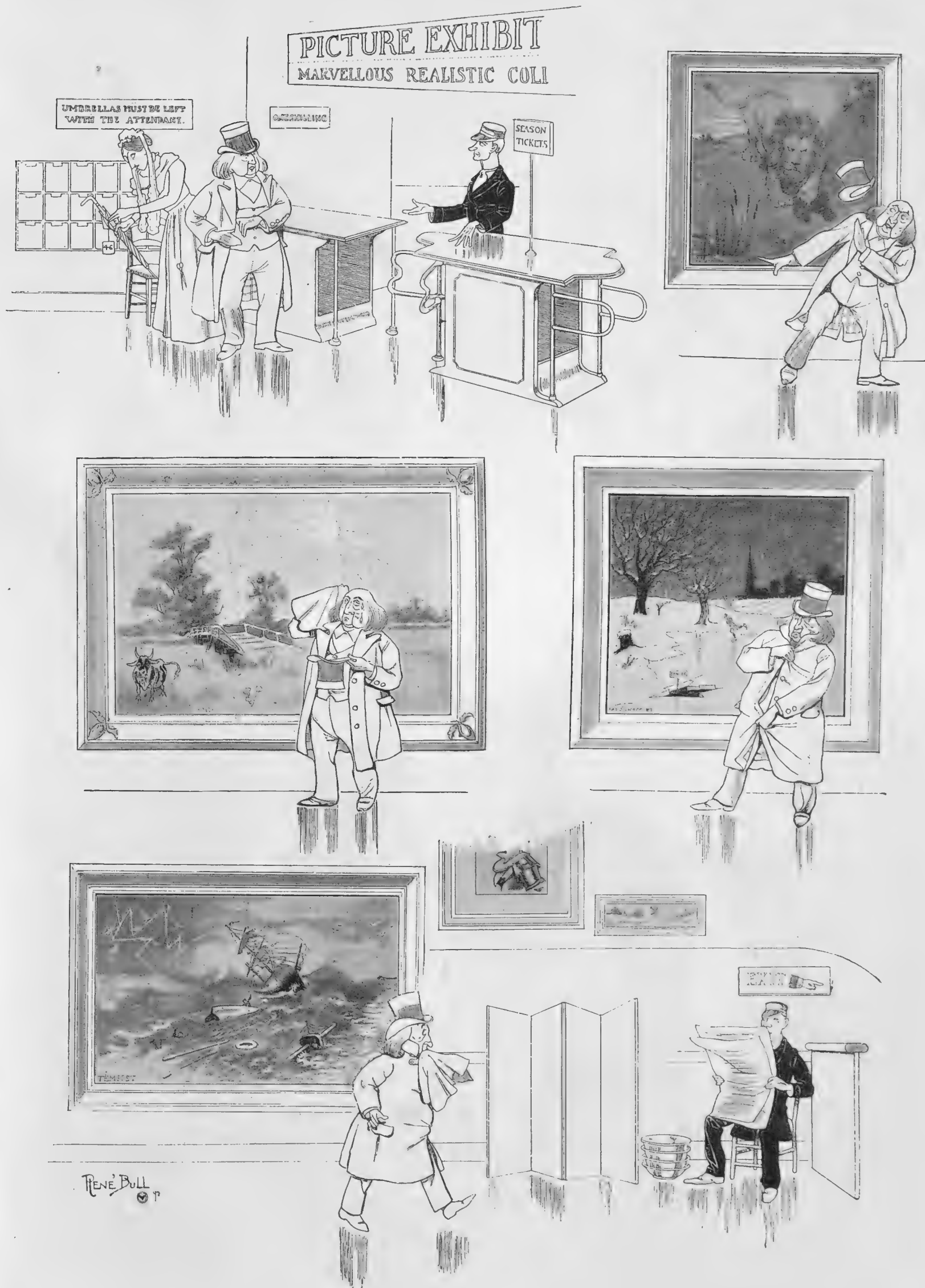
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to receive carefully-written books of travel, especially when the exploits related therein are as unique as those achieved by daring Mr. Conway. To this moment, there are multitudes of listeners to Mr. Whymper, who, to-morrow, is to address the members of the Camera Club on the topic of "Twenty Thousand Feet above the Sea."



THE SCARLET WOMAN OF THE REVELATION.—W. HUNT.
Exhibited at the Royal Society of British Artists.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.





LE SPORT: ST. VALERY-SUR-SOMME.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



GENEROUS.

"Give yer a orange! Wot for?"
 "'Cos that one I bought last week was a bad 'un."
 "Where is it?"
 "I gave it to my sister."

"THE COMING OF ARTHUR" or DISASTER IN A DOLL FACTORY
A gale from the West.



219.

THE
SEA MAIDEN
or ABATING ADVENTURE AT RAMSGATE
A Drapery Study.



370.



868.

"DISILLUSIONED"
or IT CAME OFF!
A Kensington Tragedy.



154

THE TEMPTATION OF
SIR PERCIVAL or.
THE PROPERTY-MAN'S
PRACTICAL JOKE

-A Whacker-ARJ



9

THE SPIRIT
OF THE
SUMMIT
with
apologies
to the
PRA
for having
helped
her to
get
at it.

190



569

RABID or THE HEAVENLY
PETS by H Van Ruthless



467

"THE CALL TO ARMS" or THE MAYOR DECLARING THE EXHIBITION OPEN.

Painted in
Lucca oil by
Seymour RA

169.

"BEYOND MAN'S FOOTSTEPS" or
MATERIAL FOR A TALL YARN by Yankee Revere RA

R.A.
1894

A Memphis Todd



104.

Lor Emma (J. H.)

"THE ELEVENTH HOUR" or
LATE FOR BREAKFAST AGAIN.



LANDLORD: "And how much whisky do you want, 'Pat? Shall I fill the bottle?"
PAT: "Ah! sure, if yez think it will howld it all."

DRAWN BY FRED HALL.

“CAPTAIN SWIFT” IN THE PUNJAB.

From Photographs by F. Bremner, Rawal Pindi and Quetta.



WILDING : “ But, your answer ? ” WILDING : “ To-day ? ”
STELLA : “ I will tell you later.” STELLA : “ Yes. To-day.”—Act II.

In spite of the “long arm of coincidence,” which Mr. Haddon Chambers exhibited in his play, “Captain Swift” has acquired the long arm of fame. It is six years since Mr. Tree produced this work at the

Haymarket, and yet its popularity has not waned. It has become part and parcel of that popular *répertoire* of modern melodramas, chief among which is “The Silver King,” which are constantly being played somewhere or other. It was only the other week that Mr. and Mrs. Macklin concluded a tour in the provinces with the play, in which Miss Rose Nesbitt, whose portrait appears on the opposite page, was the Stella Darbisher. And here are photographs of a company of distinguished amateurs who produced it during the Spring Race Meeting at Rawal Pindi, far away in the northernmost corner of the Punjab. The cast on that occasion was as follows—

Mr. WILDING ...	Captain J. H. Leslie, Royal Artillery.
Mr. SEABROOK ..	Major Dacres Cunningham, Royal Artillery.
HARRY SEABROOK	Mr. N. R. Radcliffe, Devonshire Regiment.
Mr. GARDINER ...	Captain G. Berthon Preston, Queen's Bays.
MARSHALL ...	Mr. C. Rose, Army Veterinary Department.
MICHAEL RYAN ...	Mr. C. J. W. Orr, Royal Artillery.
BATES ...	Captain C. H. Saunders-Knox-Gore, Queen's Bays.
SERVANT ...	Surgeon-Major T. J. O'Donnell, Army Medical Staff.
Mrs. SEABROOK ...	Mrs. Dacres Cunningham.
LADY STAUNTON ...	Mrs. Thurburn.
MABEL SEABROOK ..	Mrs. Spencer Warwick.
STELLA DARBISHER	Mrs. Alice Chancellor.

MISS ROSE NESBITT.

Miss Rose Nesbitt, who was born at Bruges one-and-twenty years ago, has a good pedigree. She is a descendant of a great actress who bore the same name as herself, and she is the granddaughter of the famous editor of the *Scotsman*, the late Alexander Russel. After studying under Mr. Henry Neville, Miss Nesbitt got her first practical experience of the stage from the veteran Miss Sarah Thorne at Margate, where she had the rare opportunity of playing a variety of parts for several months. She made her *début* in London in Mr. Edward Rose's “The Plowdens,” at the Prince of Wales's. Then she toured for some time with Mr. Penley in “Charley's Aunt,” and was afterwards a member of Mrs. Langtry's company at the Haymarket. For a short time she played Mathilde in “Caprice” during Miss Estelle Burney's season at the Garrick Theatre, but latterly she has sought to gain further experience in the provinces, where she has appeared in Mrs. Beringer's “Tares,” in “A Scrap of Paper,” and in some Shaksperian plays. As noted above, Miss Nesbitt played the part of Stella Darbisher in “Captain Swift” with the Macklin company. A fortnight ago she appeared in the small part of Lady Gwendoline (daughter of the Countess of Eglin) in Mr. Austin Fryers' play “Gentle Ivy,” produced at a *matinée* at the Strand Theatre.

Servant. Bates. Ryan. Stella Darbisher. Gardiner. Marshall.



Lady Staunton. Wilding. Harry Seabrook. Mrs. Seabrook. Mabel Seabrook. Mr. Seabrook.

“CAPTAIN SWIFT,” AT RAWAL PINDI.



MISS ROSE NESBITT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Whitsuntide came in gaily, and brought with it a rush of cricket and a blessed surcease from Parliament—both in their way bores. It is far pleasanter reading scores than bores, and more agreeable to hear of balls that get past the block than of Bills that do not. There must be few things drearier than being in or about the Houses of Parliament in warm, sunny weather, to hear prozers prate and praters prose; whereas it is delightful to sit or stand and watch the national game, from cricket at Lord's to cricket on commons.

One wishes that the annual Parliamentary cricket match might be held to decide the course of legislation—at least, for the “predominant partner” in this so-called United Kingdom. Scotch business could be settled by golf, Welsh business by football, and Irish by “hurling”—a game I do not understand. The suggestion has been made before, but it is none the less sound for that. Then should we once more find the House of Commons an assembly of gentlemen; then would University Members be the captains of the University elevens, and the swift bowler of Somerset rule in the *Woods and Forests*.

And how nice it would be to settle all outstanding quarrels by a cricket-match! Why not have an annual encounter—Critics v. Dramatists? Much bad blood and indifferent ink would then be spared; slatings and speeches from the stage, and letters to the *Era* and lawsuits would be unknown. Methinks I can see the field, how, after the big roller has done its work, Richard and Henry—who, belonging to both sides, are the natural umpires—pitch the wickets and take up their positions; and the captain of the Critics—I mention no names—having won the toss, stands up to face the Buchananade that a hostile bowler delivers from the Gasometer end, and, with his bludgeon in both hands, smites occasionally to the boundary. Then, when his score is duly completed and recorded on the *Telegraph*, some serious critic of the new school will come in to face the deliveries of a burlesque writer, who sends down a succession of fast leg pieces, until one, perchance, tempts the batsman to “let out” and be caught.

Then, when the dramatists have their innings, the fun will wax faster and more furious. With what joy will the critical Captain bowl Ibsen (if he can) for a “Wild Duck,” or get another Scandinavian caught off his “Gauntlet”? How some severely virtuous critic may oppose his moral slows to that brilliant batsman, Mr. O——n H——l! How H——y A——r J——s, if not drawn from his proper ground by a “Tempter” of a ball, will never again be out in consequence of a short run; and how dramatic collaborators will accuse each other of throwing away each other's wickets! Cannot this match be organised? The gate-money could be devoted to the foundation of an institution for worn-out critical theories, or an agency for providing poor dramatists with “situations,” or something useful and charitable.

How long is the present cab strike to last? Possibly when these lines appear in print it will be over; but, meanwhile, it is a serious matter for all those that go down to their clubs in hansoms. And suppose—just suppose—that before the cabbies are appeased or replaced the threatening 'bus strike and tram strike break out? There will be nothing but trains, and for the great area within the Inner Circle nothing at all. From King's Cross to Charing Cross nothing for it but to walk.

Certainly, sixteen or eighteen shillings seems a good deal to pay for the hire of a cab for one day; yet some drivers seem to grow fat on the excess of their earnings. And the cab-owners say that, as a matter of fact, they do not ever get their full nominal hire, which appears a plausible statement. Meanwhile the public suffers; but, if the weather be fine, no doubt we shall find walking once more in favour among the theatre-going and hansom-cabbing classes. There is nothing so delightful as an evening-dress walk through the warm half-darkness of a London June night. It will lose little time and save many shillings, and it will not seem unbecoming if many do it.

And why should we not, indeed, found a fashion of economy? Why should not our diversions cease to be so costly and become more simple and rational and impromptu? Let us set the mode of doing what we like, when we like, where we like, how we like—within the limits of legality, decency, and moderately good taste, of course—and be rational or irrational just as we independently prefer! The elaboration of conventions and machinery in connection with our amusements is meant to conceal the lack of faculty for being amused. We cannot go anywhere or see anything without elaborate planning and preparation and dressing and ordering of carriages.

MARMITON.

ROUND THE EMPIRE.

AN EVENING ON DUTY WITH MR. SLATER.

The last bars of the dance had died away, and that envious curtain—which I am beginning to detest—had hidden from my view the numerous ladies of the ballet with whom I am deeply in love. The time was a quarter to nine. An hour and three-quarters lay between me and the new ballet burlesque, “La Frolique,” and that time would be devoted to “variety,” which I always find insufferably monotonous. The Empire turns are no worse than those at other halls—in fact, they are better; but, objecting to variety *in toto*, I cannot exempt even my favourite place of entertainment. Mentally excepting the famous “Living Pictures” from the things I don't like, I strolled loungewards, and met Mr. Slater hurrying along, as though pursued by evil spirits or creditors.

“I am going my rounds,” he said.

“Why should I not go your rounds, too?” I inquired.

He gave it up, and we went downstairs together.

The bars at the Empire being under the control of the management, all their spirits are summoned from the vaulty deep. In point of prose, there are in the basement huge cellars and vaults stocked with shining barrels and divers bottles of tempting appearance. A strong iron door guards them from the risk of sudden frenzy on the part of the public. Moreover, they are in the charge of one Mr. Cunningham, who combines a very sound judgment on the quality of all wines and spirits with teetotalism. This sounds very strange, but I am assured that it is true. I have been trying to understand it for the past week, and have now no spirit left wherewith to pursue the mental struggle.

Down in that region of barrels is a pond—there they call it a fountain or a lake—containing a pet eel. They are feeding him upon choice delicacies and teaching him to love them, but I am told that when the unlucky fish has grown fat enough to supply all the directors with a meal he'll be eaten.

When I thought no one was looking, I tried to turn on the tap of one of the whisky barrels, meditating a glorious death. Whether they expected me down there or not, I cannot say, but I discovered that each tap was a patent in itself, which none save the *cognoscenti* could handle with satisfactory results.

Bitterly disappointed, I turned round and listened with simulated interest to an account of the new Empire Cricket Club, which, though only started a few weeks ago, has already enrolled sixty-four members. Mr. Hector Tennant is president, Mr. Slater treasurer, and Mr. Cunningham secretary. The last-named said that their eleven would be prepared to play any paper in the land, and mentioned that matches had already been arranged.

“What need for all this perambulating up and down?” I asked.

“I have to do it constantly throughout the evening,” replied Mr. Slater. “All unnecessary people have to be removed, politely but firmly; we have to see that nobody is intoxicated, that no gambling goes on—in short, that everything is as it should be. Of course, every part of the house is under complete surveillance, but one cannot be too careful. All people who have in the past misconducted themselves in this place are now forbidden to enter it, and the efforts they will make to avoid our notice are very funny. They will even go to the length of disguising themselves.”

For the next hour we seemed to be in several places at once, and to be attending to a number of different things at the same time. A huge Empire Colossus would appear every moment with a message, or be summoned to receive an instruction; numerous smart little boys, whose stature is in such contrast to that of the giants, hurried in from all parts with notes to be delivered or difficulties to be explained away. Down below, Mr. Hitchins, the manager, was just as much occupied. The state of things can be best understood by comparing the Empire to a living body, of which Messrs. Hitchins and Slater are the brains, and the numerous attendants and Commissionaires the nerves. Should anything for a moment affect the breath of the body—should its temperature get too high, or too many *bacilli* invade it—the nerves communicate with the brain, and the result is some prompt, decisive, but well-considered, action, which sets matters at once to rights.

The following little anecdote will exemplify the need for managerial 'cuteness. One evening a gentleman entered the lounge in a frisky condition, crossed it, singing gaily and showing a tendency to dance; then, seeking a soft seat, slept the sleep of—adulterated temperance. He was at once roused, and politely informed that the management did not supply its patrons with sleeping accommodation, upon hearing which he said he would walk about. Unfortunately, drowsiness once more prevailed, and he was found scattered all over the seats, anticipating a night's rest. Then he was requested to depart in peace, and as, Ajax-like, he defied the powers that be, was removed in pieces. This must have cooled him. An hour later, Mr. Slater, while again going through the lounge, was attracted by a face which seemed strangely familiar. After a careful scrutiny, conviction succeeded suspicion. He went up to the wearer of the face, and, simply remarking, “You must change it altogether next time,” led him unresistingly away. It was the same man, who had, on being ejected, with absurd shrewdness, shaved off his moustache, and replaced his silk hat by a “billycock.”

“Sufficient for to-night be the duty thereof,” I said to Mr. Slater, and bidding him “*Au revoir*,” went to my cosy stall, and fell in love with some half-dozen more dancing girls before the revels came to an end and “God Save the Queen” sent the house into its overcoat.

BOHEMIAN.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A FAT GIRL'S LOVE STORY.

BY CLO GRAVES.

The first thing I remember being told is that I was a Parksop, and the second that it was worth while living, if only to have that name. Some years after, it dawned upon me that we had got very little else.

Father was a landed proprietor upon a reduced scale, and a parent on a large one—there were twelve of us, counting Ponsonby, who had passed into the Army a few years previously, and passed out of it later on at the unanimous request of his superior officers. Father cut him off with a shilling—which he forgot to send him—and sternly forbade him to bear the name of Parksop any more. He has done well since, and attributes his rise in life entirely to that deprivation. Nobody ever writes to Ponsonby except Charlotte.

If an abnormally fat girl could possibly be the heroine of a romantic love story, Charlotte—"Podge," as she has been nicknamed ever since I can remember—would stand in that relation to this narrative. But, you know, such a thing isn't possible. If it had been Belle, who comes in between Podge and Ponsonby, and is the acknowledged beauty of the family, having all the hereditary Parksop points besides several of her own, nobody would have wondered.

How did the story begin? With Roderick and me—the Parksops have never been strong in grammar and orthography, so I'm not going to apologise for a slip here and there—Roderick and me coming home from Winchester to spend a long vacation. It was likely to be a pretty

long one, for the Head of the School had behaved in a most ungentlemanly way, showing absolutely crass insensibility, as father said, to the advantage of having one of the best names in England on his school list, while it remained written at the bottom of a cheque for fifty-nine pounds, odd shillings, and halfpence, marked by a grovelling-spirited bank cashier "No Assets."

You may guess Roddy and me didn't grumble much at hearing that we were to stay at home for the present, and be "brought on" by the curate in Euclid and Latin and Greek, and all the rest of the rot. He wouldn't strike for wages, father knew, because for one thing he was very modest and shy, and for another he was spoons on Belle. If he wasn't, why was he always glaring at our pew in church? And



You couldn't tone it down and call her plump; she was simply one of the fattest girls you ever saw.

for the same reason we shouldn't be overworked—a thing the most reckless boys acknowledge to be bad for them. So the morning after our return we went down to breakfast feeling as jolly as could be.

Father shook hands with us in his lofty way. We could see that he was deeply indignant with the Head from the way in which his aquiline nose hooked itself when we gave him a letter we'd brought with us. We almost wished we had torn it up, because, having made up our minds to go fishing that morning, we had meant to ask him for the key of the old boat-house by the pond, where the punt was kept, which key, with a disregard of opportunity quite unnatural, as Roddy said—in a man with so large a family—he always kept hidden away.

Belle gave us two fingers to shake and her ear to kiss, and the others, as many as were allowed to breakfast with the elders, crowded round, and then Podge came bouncing in and hugged us for everybody. We didn't care about the hugging, because it was such a smothering business, like sinking into a sea of eiderdown, Roddy used to say, who was imaginative for a Parksop. And here, as it's usual to describe a heroine—though I don't acknowledge her for one, you know—it would be best to describe Podge a little.

It describes her kind of temper pretty well to say that she didn't mind being called Podge—even before strangers. The name describes her exactly. You couldn't tone it down and call her plump; she was simply one of the fattest girls you ever saw. Her large face was rosy, and usually beamed, as people say in books, with smiles and good temper. Her hair was black and done up in the way that took the least time, and her eyes were black and bright, and would have been big if her face had been a little less moonlike. She had little dumpy hands and little dumpy feet, rather pretty—in fact, the only family landmarks,

as Belle said, that had not been effaced by the rising tide of fat. In a regular story there is always something about the heroine's waist, not that I give in to Podge being—you know! I suppose she had a waist; at least, it was possible to tell where her frock-bodies left off and her skirts began—then. It isn't now! The frocks were always old, because whenever Podge had a new one she gave it to Belle, and you couldn't deny that Belle did them more justice. Then, she had a nice kind of voice, though the Parksop drawl had been left out of it, and I think that's all—except that, considering her beam, she moved about lightly, and that she always sat down like a collapsing feather-bed and got up like an expanding balloon.

Breakfast didn't make the school commons look very foolish. There wasn't much difference, except that the coffee wasn't so groundy. Father had his little dish of something special—kidneys, this time—and Roddy, sitting at his right hand—we were treated as guests the first day at home—dived in under his elbow when he was deep in his coffee-cup and harpooned half a one. Of course, he had to bolt it before father came to the surface, and Podge was dreadfully anxious, seeing him so purple in the face, lest he should choke.

I did as well as I could with my rasher of bacon and hers, and I remember her whispering to me, just before Nuddles came in with the Squire's card, that the housekeeping money had been lately more limited than ever. And as I looked across the table, out at the window, and over the green, rolling Surrey landscape—all Parksop property in our ancestors' times—and remembered that such a small slice of it was left to be divided between such a lot of us, it did occur to me that it would have been better if they—meaning the ancestors—had been a little less Parksopian in the way of not being able to keep what they had got. Then Nuddles, the butler, came in with Squire Braddelbury's card, and the curtain drew up—we had had a performance of one of the plays of Terence that very half-year, and I had done the part of a dumb slave to everybody's admiration—and the curtain drew up on what would have been "Podge's Romance," if Podge had only been thinner.

II.

Father broke up the breakfast party with getting up and going out. As a rule, nobody dared push back his or her chair until he had finished, and when he took it into his head to read one of the leaders in the *Times* aloud to us we had to make up our minds to spend the afternoon. But as a rule he went to the library as soon as he'd done, and worked until lunch. He usually worked leaning back in his armchair, with his feet on a footstool and a silk handkerchief thrown over his head. He went to the library now, to meet the Squire, whose gruff "Good morning" Roddy and I heard as father opened the door. He didn't quite shut it afterwards, and as Roddy and I stood by the hall-table, carefully sewing up the sleeves of the Squire's covert coat—for Podge had given us each a neat pocket needle-and-thread case, to teach us to be tidy, she said, and a taste for practical joking isn't incompatible with lofty lineage—we couldn't help hearing some of the conversation.

It was most of it on the Squire's side, and the words "title-deeds," "unentailed," and "mortgage" occurred over and over again. Then "unpaid," "due notice," "neglected," and, finally, "foreclosure." Perhaps it was father's giving a hollow groan at this, and being seen by me through the crack of the library door to tear his hair, beautifully white, without tearing any of it out, that made me listen. At any rate, I left Roddy busy with the coat, and—any other boy, even a Parksop by birth, would have done as much under the circumstances.

Well, I made out that Squire Braddelbury had got father on toast. It became quite plain to me, boy as I was, that he could, whenever he chose, strip us of the last remaining hundreds of our old acres, and send us, generally, packing to Old Gooseberry—with a word. Then he asked father why he thought he didn't say the word then and there, and father said something about respect for ancient title and hereditary something or other; and Squire Braddelbury, who had made his vulgar money in trade, said ancient title and hereditary something or other might be dead. And then—

"I'll tell you why, Parksop," he blustered. "It's because of your girl. When you came to me for money to waste on your gobbling, selfish old self, caring, not you, not one snap whether your family went bare for the rest of their lives, so long as you got what you wanted for the rest of yours, I lent you the cash on your title-deeds, signed by Stephen Plantagenet—and more fool he to waste good land on you. I lent you the cash, I say, because I knew you'd not come up to the mark when pay-day came, and I wanted your girl. What's that you say? Belle! Not if I know it: Sandy hair and aquiline profiles don't agree with me. I mean Miss Charlotte. She's a fine, full figure of a woman; she's a good un', too. Don't I know how she keeps your house a-going? Don't I know how she makes and mends, plans and contrives, teaches the children when your foreign governesses take French leave, because they can't get their wages out of you, Parksop, and does the Lord knows what besides! I shouldn't have spoken so soon, but another fellow's got his eye on her, Noel—the parson—you know who I mean. I believe they're secretly engaged, or something."

"Gracious Heavens!" cried father.

"If they are," growled the Squire, "it don't matter. We'll soon put the curate to the right-about, and on the day I take her to church you'll get your title-deeds back. You're reasonable, I see. It's a bargain. So go and fetch her, Parksop; go and fetch her."

There was a scroop and shriek of overstrained springs and tortured leather. The Squire had thrown himself into father's armchair. I had only time to drag Roddy behind the green baize door that shut off the servants' wing from the rest of the house, when father came out of the library.

III.

The whole house was topsy-turvy. The secret of the mortgage was out, for one thing. Everybody knew that the Squire had proposed to Podge, that Podge had said "No" to him, in spite of father's dignified commands, and that the Squire had rushed out of the house, foaming at the mouth, with his coat half on and half off, stormed his way round to the stables, where he saddled his horse himself, and galloped homewards, scattering oburgations, threats, and imprecations right and left.

"Stuck-up paupers! Make Parksop know better! Sell 'em up, stick and stone! Prefer d—d curate to me, Thomas Braddlebury! Mad! Must be mad!"

Roddy and I and everybody else agreed with him, except Podge. She was regularly downright obstinate. She had given in to all of us all her life, and now, just when her giving in meant so much, she wouldn't. What was the good of beginning, we asked, if she didn't intend to go on? We were very severe with her, because she deserved it. Falling in love at her size—like a milkmaid—and with an elderly curate—an old-young man, with shabby clothes and a stoop! Belle had put up with his staring at our pew when he read the Litany on Sundays, but now that she was quite sure he hadn't been doing it because of her she regarded it as an unpardonable insult. She stirred up father to write to the Rector demanding Mr. Noel's instant dismissal, and the Rector sent back an old, unsettled claim for tithe-money, and referred father to the Bishop of the diocese.

Meanwhile, Podge was the victim of love. It was really funny. She cried quarts at night, according to Belle. Her red nose and swollen eyes made her funnier still. And old Noel stooped more going about his parish work. He was a gentleman—that was one thing to be said for him—and if two perfectly healthy lives had not stood between him and the title he'd have been a baronet, with a rent-roll worth having, the Rector's wife said.

They say dropping wears away a stone. We dropped on Podge from morning till night, and she gave in at last. She put on her hat and trotted down to the Rectory—waddled would be the best word. She saw Noel, and had it out *viva voce*. She'd tried to do it by letter—Belle found a torn-up note of dismissal in her room, beginning "My lost Darling." We yelled over the notion of old Noel being Podge's lost darling; almost before we'd done yelling she was back again, had smothered the little ones all round, and gone to the library with a flag of truce—a wet pocket-handkerchief—to announce the capitulation to father. Spoke to me afterwards, looked appealing, as if she wanted to be praised for doing a simple thing like that for her family. I didn't praise her, and Roddy gave her even less encouragement.

The Squire was sent for by special messenger, and came without hurrying. He said he was glad she'd come to her senses and showed a proper appreciation of the gifts Providence had placed within her reach. He brought a diamond engagement-ring, which wouldn't go on the proper finger. We laughed again at that: we were always laughing in those days. And he gave father one of the title-deeds back and stayed to dinner, and had a little music in the drawing-room afterwards, and kissed Podge when he went away, at which Roddy and I and Belle nearly went into convulsions, and in a little time the wedding-day was fixed.

As it came near Podge didn't get any thinner. She ate her dinner just as usual, and smothered the children a good deal. She was to have half-a-dozen or so of them to live with her; she stipulated for that, and the Squire grinned and scowled and said, "All right, for the present." He turned out to be quite generous, and tipped us sovereigns and Belle jewellery and new frocks, and she said every time she tried them on that she had quite come to regard him as a relative. Everybody had except Podge, and I daresay if you'd asked her she'd have said *she* was the person whose opinion mattered most. You never know how selfish unselfish people can be till they're tried. It's true the Squire was awfully ugly and as rough as a bear, and a little too fond of drinks that made his temper uncertain and his legs unsteady. But he had done a great deal for the family, and women can't expect us men to be angels.

Podge was a little too quiet as the wedding drew near. You know, there's no fun in pinning a cockchafer that doesn't spin round lively. The presents came in and the invitations went out, the breakfast was planned, the cake came from London, with heaps of other things; but she kept quiet. The night before the wedding it rained. Somebody wanted her for one of the thousand things people were always wanting her for, and she couldn't be found. She stayed out so long that father sent word to the stablemen and gardeners to take torches and drag the pond. Of course, he was anxious, for you can't have a wedding without a bride. But why the pond? A thin girl might have tried that without seeming ridiculous, but not a fat one, and Podge couldn't have sunk if she'd tried. She came in at last among us, looking very queer, and wet to the skin, with only a thin cloak on over her evening dress. She said she'd been to the churchyard, to mother's grave, praying that we might be forgiven. She laughed the next moment, catching a glimpse of her own doll figure in the drawing-room glass.

Next day was the wedding-day. Everybody had new clothes, and the bridesmaids' lockets had the initials of Podge and the Squire, "C" and "R," in diamonds. Roddy and I had pins to match—Hunt and Roskell's. I forget how many yards of white satin went into Podge's

wedding-gown, but it measured thirty-eight inches round the waist—no larks. She cried all the way going to church, so that father was nearly washed out of the brougham.

How did the wedding go off? It never came off at all. There were the county people in the smart clothes they'd taken the shine off in London; there were the school children, with washed faces and clean pinafores, and baskets of rose-leaves all ready to strew on the path of the happy pair. There were the decorations, palms and lilies, as if the occasion had been a kind of martyr's festival; and there was the Bishop at the altar-rails, with the Rector, waiting to tie the knot; and the Squire, in a blue frockcoat, buff waistcoat, and shepherd's-plaid trousers, with a whole magnolia in his buttonhole, waiting for Podge.

Father tried to lead her up the aisle, but it was too narrow, so he walked behind. Just as she put her foot on the chancel step, out comes old Noel out of the vestry, to everybody's surprise, looking flushed and excited. He said something I didn't hear, and then Podge calls out, "Oh! I can't. Have mercy!" or something like that, and surged down with a flop, like the sound a big wave makes dashing into a cave's mouth, on the red and white tiles. Old Noel ran to lift her up, but couldn't do it. The Squire called out, "D— you! Let my wife alone!" And the Bishop rebuked him for swearing in a sacred edifice. Then father and the Squire and old Noel hoisted Podge up—for two of 'em weren't strong enough—and tottered with her into the vestry.

What happened? I got in, and so I know all about it. We sprinkled Podge with water, and set fire to a feather duster, and held it under

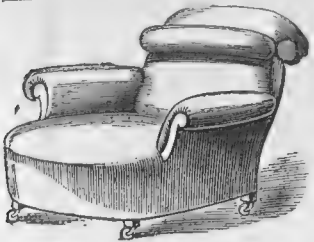


And old Noel bent over her, and said, "Dearest Charlotte, there is no need for the sacrifice now."

her nose, and she came to, with her hair down, and her wreath and veil hanging by one hairpin. And old Noel bent over her, and said, "Dearest Charlotte, there is no need for the sacrifice now." And he pulled a newspaper out of his pocket and handed it to father, who said, "What! what! how dare you, man?" and then dropped his eye on a paragraph marked in red ink, and said in the best Parksop manner, "I really beg your pardon, Sir Clement! Your uncle and his son both drowned yachting in the Mediterranean? Most deplorable; but really affords you no excuse for—ah—interrupting solemn ceremony in so extraordinary a manner." And then he and old—I mean Sir Clement Noel—had a few confidential words in a corner, and I heard old—I mean the Baronet—say, "On my word and honour, a sacred pledge." And father astounded everybody by turning on the Squire, and telling him in the most gentlemanly way to go about his business, which he did, swearing awfully, while Podge was crying for joy, and Sir Noel comforting her with his arm round her waist—I mean as far as it would go.

That happened three years ago, and Podge and Sir Clement Noel have been married three years all but a week. We all live with Podge and her husband—I don't think they've ever been alone together for a day since their honeymoon. Father is very fond of Charlotte now, and says the baby is a real Parksop. That always makes Sir Clement Noel wild—I can't think why.

I've often thought since, after seeing what they call a domestic drama, that what happened to Podge and Noel might have happened to the hero and heroine of one. Only, a hero never has grey hair and a stoop, and there never yet was a heroine who measured as much as thirty-eight inches round the waist. It's impossible!



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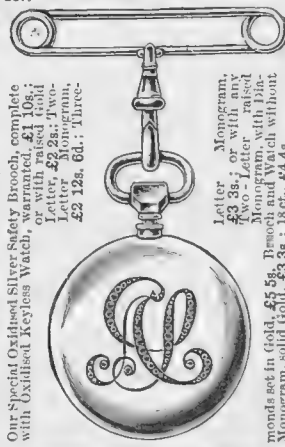
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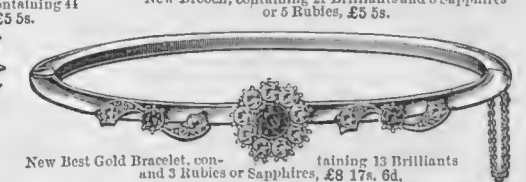
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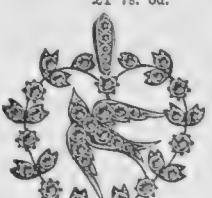
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THE COAT OF MAIL REDIVIVUS.

Are we going backwards? The question at once strikes one in view of the bullet-proof material invented by Herr Dowe, the Mannheim tailor, now being used in a performance at the Alhambra, and the coat which Mr. Manard is exhibiting at the Oxford Music-Hall.

THE DOWE CUIRASS.

The German's invention was tested for the first time in this country at a private exhibition at the Alhambra on Wednesday afternoon before a distinguished company, which included the Commander-in-Chief, with a number of Staff officers from the Horse Guards and the War Office, Lord Roberts, Lord Methuen, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and Admiral Sir E. A. Inglefield. Five experts—Major-General Sir Baker Russell, Admiral Saumarez, Captain Dutton Hunt, District-Inspector of Musketry in the Home District, Captain J. H. Cowan, R.E., War Office, and Captain Low, of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers—formed a committee to watch the experiments on the stage. The rifles used were the German rifle model 1888 and a Lee-Metford Mark II., which was brought from the Home District. The first few shots were fired at a block of elm 2 ft. 6 in. long, end on, to show that the ammunition had not been tampered with. The breastplate was then produced. It resembles a carriage cushion some 14 in. by 18 in., and 3 in. thick, and weighs 12 lb., a weight capable, it was stated, of reduction by 3 lb. without loss of resistance to penetration. Captain Martin, the well-known expert shot, who has become associated with Herr Dowe, and Captain Dutton Hunt fired at the cuirass, but failed to pierce it. The inventor wished to place himself as a target with it on; but this was objected to, though it was tried on a horse, which suffered not the slightest injury. The composition of the cuirass remains a secret, but a writer has suggested that on a layer of wadding, hydraulically compressed, is placed a mattress of woven wire of toughened, or, to speak more familiarly, of crinoline steel, this being imbedded in a composition something like that used for printers' rollers. Upon this it is probable that there is hydraulically compressed asbestos, standing in a similar elastic medium, and over all equally-compressed coir-fibre, or something akin.

THE MANARD COAT.

The German cuirass has soon been followed by one of English make, invented by Mr. Manard. At the Oxford Music-Hall (writes a representative) I found a shooting display in progress: two young ladies, clad in a kind of stage sports-woman's costume, with tweed jacket and skirt, and incongruously dainty patent leather pumps, took turns with a negro in red plush to be fired at. Mr. Manard fired at the targets affixed to his colleagues with unerring aim, using the cartridge of a .380 Martini, the force of which at ten yards suffices to penetrate a quarter-inch iron rolled plate. This is equal to the force of the regulation rifle at 200 yards. If a full charge of Martini were used against the lady at the distance shot from, the impact would be enough to knock her over, though it would not penetrate.

When the performance was over, Mr. Manard made a little speech to the audience, generously announcing that he did not wish to keep his discovery to himself, and that as soon as he could come to terms with the Government the invention would be very much at the service of our soldiers. Having obtained private speech of Mr. Manard in the bar of the hall, I tackled him on this question of practical usefulness.

"Do you expect to be able to clothe an army with bullet-proof material?"

Mr. Manard looked doubtful. "Scarcely an army," he replied. "You see, the material is not a manufactured article, it is a natural product, and will take a lot of getting. Of course, it has to be subjected to a certain treatment with acids under hydraulic pressure before it is ready for use, but the main difficulty will always be procuring the stuff itself. You know, the whole dress is not made of it; it is not sufficiently flexible for that. You couldn't clothe the arms in it, for instance. I only use it to cover the vital parts."

"It is rather heavy, I daresay?"

"The weight depends upon the strength of the bullet it is intended to ward off."

"I gather that the material you use in your exhibitions would be of little service in battle?"

"It is only a question of making the material heavier. Much may also be done by plaiting the material. I am confident that, after a few experiments, I shall be able to turn out a material capable of withstanding the charge of a magazine rifle. As it is, the coat will certainly keep off poisoned arrows and assegais, and will not be penetrated by any ordinary charge."

"What do you think of the bullet-proof coats they have been making so much noise about abroad?"

"Not having seen them, I can have no idea; but, from all I hear, I fancy my invention will bear comparison with any of them."

"How did you come to make your discovery in the first instance?"

Mr. Manard then lapsed into autobiography. "I was born in Liverpool," he began, "and I always had a hankering after guns from a very little boy."

"That is not an uncommon failing with boys," I put in.

"No," he admitted; "but I was always very careful in handling a gun. I was apprenticed to the printing trade, but, somehow, my mind kept running on other things, and I couldn't keep still. I had a great desire to travel, and this led me to adopt the stage, more as a hobby than anything else. I don't mind telling you now that I was an utter failure on the stage; but all the while I neglected no opportunity of shooting. Besides practising a good deal at home, I learned to shoot very well at ranges. It was in Spain that I first thought of making an exhibition of

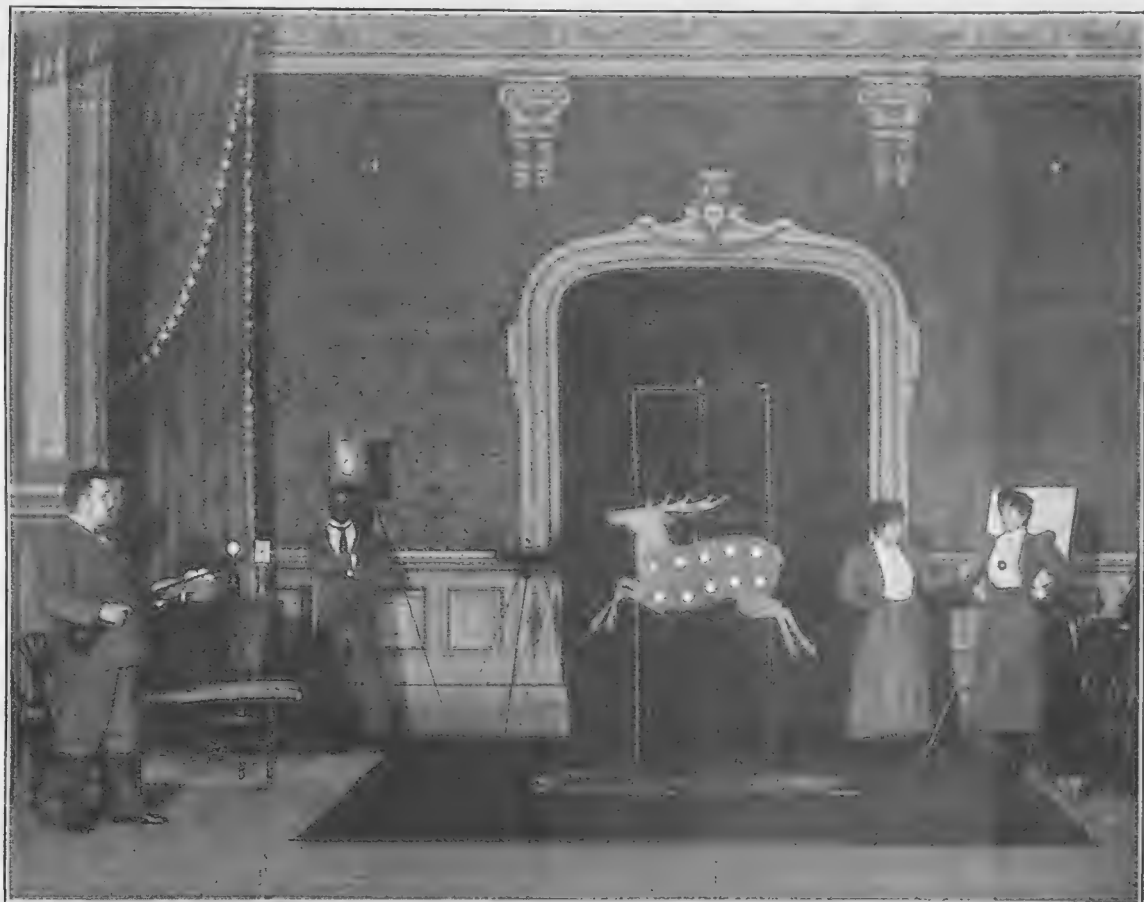


Photo by The Wiltons, Garlick Hill, E.C.

MR. MANARD AND HIS TARGETS.

my shooting. I saw someone performing outside a fair, and thought I could probably do as well. My friends persuaded me to try, and gradually I got known as a shooter at music-halls and elsewhere. My music-hall connection led to my appointment as manager of the New Brighton Palace. After that I managed the Great Eastern steamship for three seasons, at the end of which she was broken up at Rockferry. After that I managed the Leeds Colosseum. I used to have shooting exhibitions on the ship, and it was then that I first made my discovery. I was practising difficult positions in shooting feats—among others, to lie down and shoot corks off the ladies' shoulders. It is a very different thing, I can tell you, to shoot corks when they are on a table and when they are on a living person."

"I daresay. Don't your targets get nervous?"

"Not a bit. If they did the exhibition would be quite impossible."

"Have you ever had any accidents?"

"Never one," Mr. Manard replied proudly. "But it was while we were practising that my wife said it was no use running useless risks, and she set about thinking of some means to protect her body when under fire. She proposed the material I am now using, and experiments showed that when bullets struck it they dented it a little, but did not penetrate. From that time forward my wife always wore two clips of this material on her shoulders during the performance. So, you see, the bullet-proof coat was really found out by a lady."

TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.

It is particularly requested that no further poems or short stories be sent to *The Sketch*, as the Editor has a supply sufficient to last him well into the twentieth century.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The racing season, so far as it has gone, has been a very great success. There have been plenty of runners, and the crowds have been larger than usual at many meetings. At the same time, Newmarket fails to draw, and I think it is a pity the Jockey Club could not pitch their head-quarters nearer to London. Alexandra Park and Palace would be just the place to choose if it were possible to get a variety of courses, long and short, but this is not practicable. There are, however, plenty of pitches to be found within easy distance of the Metropolis, and I wonder the club do not make a change.

I continue to receive complaints daily from sporting men who have been welshed in the cheap rings at metropolitan race meetings. The latest dodge of the defaulters is, first, to tear up the winning tickets when presented to them for payment, and then to swear that the poor backer put his money on a losing horse. The time has arrived when a better supervision should be kept on the half-crown rings, and I respectfully commend the matter to the consideration of Lord Rendlesham. It would be very difficult for a welsher to practise his calling successfully in Tattersall's ring, then why should he be allowed to thrive in the cheaper enclosures?

Of course, every sportsman has heard of the Yankee story of the electric saddle, the use of which was supposed to have improved a horse's form by quite a stone. I wonder if the secret has become known in England of late. Anyway, horses that were plunged on last year and lost appear to win easily this season. A man of forty years' active experience on the Turf told me a day or two since that no person had any chance to make racing pay unless he could travel in the innermost circle. I cannot quite explain his meaning, but I can assert that it is a mystery to many how some men win at racing.

One of the most popular owners on the English racecourse is Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, who is never happy unless others participate in the "good things" sent out from Hayhoe's stable. Mr. Leopold may rightly be termed a genuine patron of sport and the drama; and he is first favourite all the time for the Stewards' Stakes, as the majority of the officials like him to officiate at their several meetings. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild has a pleasant face, a most attractive manner, and, what is more to the point, he knows what he is talking about when he criticises a racehorse. It can truly be said of him that he is genially approachable, and I have heard that several of our thrifty jockeys—aye, and sporting journalists, too—have benefited largely by his sterling advice in the matter of investing their makings. Mr. Rothschild has a lovely place at Ascott, where he regularly follows Lord Rothschild's Stagbonds, and he has before now given the racing reporters a day's outing to his country seat. It is one of the remarkable things in connection with the popularity of the Rothschilds on the Turf that everybody appears pleased when they win.



Photo by G. Jerrard, Regent Street.

MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD.

It is not generally known that Lord Rosebery, when at college, was very fond of penning poetry, and his skits were much sought after by the undergrads of Trinity Hall and elsewhere. When his Lordship bought a racehorse named Ladas—by-the-by, his friends objected to the purchase—it was then that Lord Rosebery manufactured the finest thing he ever did in verse. Some few noblemen and gentlemen who go racing to-day were privileged to get a copy of the skit, and they say it was really good. What a pity we cannot get hold of the "Premier's poem" to-day!

My old friend Mr. Lincoln Springfield will contribute a story to the June number of the *Idler*, entitled "Mohican's Derby," which is founded on facts connected with Iroquois' year, and in which I was an interested party. Mr. Springfield will, I am sure, get the most that is possible out of the subject, and I expect the result will be a very readable tale. I hope, however, he will refer to the great feat accomplished in connection with my selections by Mr. Phil Robinson, who parodied for me Longfellow's "Hiawatha," bringing in Iroquois and Peregrine, and the feat was all the greater as we had no copy of the poem by us.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

It is difficult to speak of the production of "Money" without touching controversial matter. Even if, refusing to go into the question whether the play has worn well or ill, whether it is diverting or tedious, one turns simply to the acting, it is possible to quarrel. About Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Miss Kate Rorke there can be no dispute. Those who are not blind and deaf must admire their splendid efforts to make Evelyn and Clara—one of the most irritating pair of lovers in our drama—interest and move the audience. Had the task been possible, they would have succeeded. What a pity it is that an actor of his quality should be set such employment! Moreover, the Sir John Vesey of Mr. John Hare is indisputably a brilliant piece of acting, while Miss Maude Millett and some others deserve praise. But how about Mrs. Bancroft? How about Mr. Arthur Cecil?

Mr. Cecil, no doubt, has a task of tremendous difficulty, for Graves is a tedious, farcical character with sledge-hammer humours, and, therefore, if in the presentation there was some lack of subtlety, and rather a heaviness of touch, it may be excused; at the same time, the praise given to him seems excessive. Mrs. Bancroft, however, was guilty of over-acting as Lady Franklin and of playing for her own hand. It was obvious that she trespassed on the ground really allotted to the others, and they did not like it; indeed, she pushed herself and matters to such an extent that some of the house after the dancing scene actually rebuked one of the darlings of the play-going public. I, for one, do not undervalue the work she has done, but what is the generation that did not know Tottenham Street and barely recollects the ante-tree period of the Haymarket to think of our old criticisms if so famous an actress plays in such an inartistic fashion?

I have felt sad at being one of the few who found flaws in Duse's Marguerite and Cyprien—the sentence is safely ambiguous—and therefore rejoice that I can join the majority in speaking of "La Locandiera" and "Cavalleria." I do not want to see better acting than her Santuzza and Mirandolina. If better acting be possible, I could not appreciate it: no one wants anything more stupendous than the Falls of Niagara; indeed, I see no need to go so far in search of emotions, since waterfalls of far less importance exhaust my powers of appreciation, and anything beyond them is gilding on gold. Perhaps her complete success in these characters goes far to justify my remarks on the others: they lie more within range of her observation and knowledge; consequently, her concept of them is truer. With the others it has been a question of concept, not execution. No actress could carry out her idea of Marguerite and Cyprien so well as she does, nor her idea of Mirandolina and Santuzza, but in case of the Italian plays her idea is true, in case of the French false: there the whole matter lies in a nutshell.

The new ballet at the Empire has hardly little more plot than a pancake. It opens with a *bal masqué* in what is called "Le Jardin Joyeux." Here is a motley crew of people bent on pleasure, headed by one called La Folie Française, Pierrots and Pierrettes in plenty, Harlequins and Columbines, Débardeurs and Polichinelles.

Suddenly the music takes a Spanish colour, and on rush some girls with typical dresses, brown in scheme, with fans for head-gear. Mdlle. Cora comes with them, and dances gaily a lawless *fandango*. She is but prelude to Señorita Candida. Lovers of fine dancing remember Candida's dance in "The Magic Opal"—the mysterious, graceful, moonlight dance that began and ended *pianissimo*. In "La Frolique" she seems another woman. On she bounds, tall and lithe, her supple body clad in a skirt of white satin, with a kind of lattice-work of red and black ribbons, with bodice of old gold, and the typical *bolero* of dark blue velvet, with small red silk shawl on the shoulders. Her dance is haughty and defiant. There are the curious pawing and prancing movements and strokes at the ground that distinguish most the Iberian dancers. The head is proudly borne, and Candida scorns the inane smile of the ordinary *prima ballerina*.

Perhaps I should have mentioned Signorina Brambilla, the *première danseuse*, a pretty woman, who pleases the public and dances in the orthodox Italian fashion; but she is not distinguishable from the majority of well-trained dancers turned out annually by the great Milanese school. Nor is anything new to be said about the agile Signor de Vincenti. Suddenly there is a hum and buzz among the dancers, and Miss Florence Levey, as La Frolique, rushes in. She wears a curious dress of grey shimmering silk, with pantaloons so wide that she seems to have an accordion-pleated skirt for each leg: for points of colour are ribbons of Marguerite-yellow. As she enters, there comes on Pom Pom, agent of the local County Council, with a notice stating that the "chahut" is forbidden; so she and her friends are arrested.

When they are brought up for trial, it is clear that by all the laws of the stage M. Sévère should be president of the tribunal. Of course, he ought to be a Brutus, or, at the least, a Welsh magistrate; but he proves to be merely a man—a man in trouble, too, for he has flirted fearfully with a masked woman at the ball and discovered that she is his wife. La Frolique asks private speech with him, shows him the ring, and suggests that she should prove the propriety of the dance by doing it in court. He consents. She begins. Straightway the toes of all begin to itch, and in two minutes judge, barristers, registrar, clerk, soldiers, spectators, and all join in a giddy whirl and mad gallop; so the curtain comes down triumphantly.

It is a gay, lively ballet, and Mr. Ford's music, though it shows no special gift for dance rhythms, is clever and pleasing. MONOCLE.

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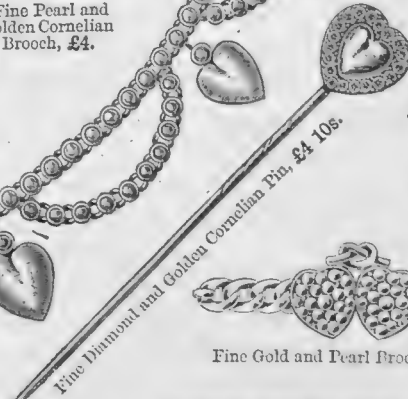
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A Common-Sense Chat with Ladies.

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PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

It is quite clear that Sir William Harcourt means to do his utmost to misrepresent the Opposition during the Budget debates. He began his appeal to the "House and the country" at the very first opportunity on Thursday evening; but, to tell the truth, it is somewhat dull fighting when the fighters do not particularly want to win, and the Budget debates must be interpreted in that light. The real score over the Budget has been Mr. Tommy Bowles's, who exasperated the Chancellor of the Exchequer exceedingly by his successful appeal to the Speaker to rule that Clause 15 was out of order, and would have to be embodied in a separate resolution. Mr. Bowles scored in a similar way on the Home Rule Bill, and he certainly had the laugh over Sir William Harcourt. There is a certain resemblance in Mr. Bowles's present position in Parliament to that of the original Lord Randolph Churchill, and he is distinctly a man to keep one's eye on. He combines a somewhat reckless love for guerrilla fighting with a very real capacity for business. It took Mr. Bowles several attempts to get elected to the House of Commons, but, being in, he is likely to stay.

A REAL PIECE OF "SOCIAL" LEGISLATION.

I hope that the electors of the Middleton Division of Lancashire will send a better representative to Parliament at the next election than Mr. C. H. Hopwood, Q.C. and Recorder of Liverpool. I cannot believe that they admire the way in which he has tried—unsuccessfully, I am glad to say—to wreck Sir Richard Webster's excellent Bill for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. In 1892 Mr. Hopwood's majority was only just over a hundred, and in the 1886 election he was defeated by more than three hundred votes, so that this seat, at any rate, ought to be won by the Conservative candidate if Mr. Hopwood stands again. I am not sure whether Mr. Hopwood is worse as a judge or as a member of Parliament; but in his extraordinary theories about giving a criminal a shorter sentence the oftener he has offended, in his advocacy of the anti-vaccination craze, and in his unreasoning antipathy to the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Children he has shown himself an exceedingly dangerous person in any public capacity whatever. In private I believe that Mr. Hopwood is a most excellent man. When I see him strolling down the Middle Temple Hall after dining with the other Benchers, his dark-bearded face pleasant with a good story, it is difficult to suppose that he can be so mischievous. But it is ever so with men when they come under the power of a fad. They may be excellent at bottom, but when their fad is in question they are just lunatics. I am always expecting Mr. Hopwood to do something so absolutely impossible as to necessitate interference on the part of the Lord Chancellor. It nearly came when, the other day, he told a jury that it would make no practical difference whether they found a certain prisoner guilty or not guilty, as he intended to give no punishment. But it is difficult to remove a Recorder when once he is appointed; to elect a Conservative instead of a Radical M.P. is comparatively simple—though I may remark that I would not mind a Radical getting in for the Middleton Division, if only Mr. Hopwood were not he.

THE WEDNESDAY MORAL.

Sir Richard Webster's Bill, in spite of Mr. Hopwood, who was reinforced occasionally by Mr. Storey, Mr. Hunter, and Mr. Bowles of Bradford, all Radicals, got through its Committee stage successfully on Wednesday afternoon. The Lord Advocate and the new Solicitor-General gave a good deal of help towards this end, and Mr. John Burns added some of his rough common-sense on behalf of the Bill. Now, this successful accomplishment, all in the one Wednesday afternoon, is worth noticing. I remarked upon the same phenomenon recently in connection with the second reading of the Miners' Eight-Hours Bill. How is it that contentious and important Bills like these can make such headway, while the Government sticks fast in the mud with what are supposed to be the great Bills of the session? I notice that some people—Radicals—are saying that it is only because the closure is wanted a great deal more; but the closure was not wanted on Wednesday, nor was it really required for the Eight-Hours Bill. In both cases members had talked as much as they wanted, and if the closure were used persistently when members had not talked as much as they wanted there would soon be rows in the House. No; the closure is not the secret. We must ask, Why is it that members want to talk so much on one set of measures and so little on others? My answer is simple: Because the one set is introduced by the Government. The House of Commons might be a very useful place, if it were not choked up with Government "programmes," brought in to secure purely political and party advantages. If a Government could only try coming in on a purely administrative basis, and leaving legislation to private members, we should get on like a house a-fire. But, then, what should we fight elections on? Well, there are always the men, the *personnel*, the leaders. In France, for instance, Ministers never have a real party majority. They are Ministers because they are the leading men. We may come to this as our groups multiply. Already we have had the Government favouring, but not "as a Government," the Miners' Bill, and in the Home Rule discussions Mr. Gladstone kept on leaving disputable matters to the sense of the House, without committing the Government to a definite issue. Legislation would certainly run a better chance if it was always left to the "sense of the House," and did not determine the fate of Ministers. We have not got to that yet, but I want to point out that the evil is not one that can be remedied simply by closure.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

Another crisis!—Another rally of the Opposition! Another Ministerial escape!—this time with a rather sweeping victory over the hostile combination. The last encounter has, indeed, perceptibly improved the position from the Government's point of view. The Opposition are pursuing tactics which, even in the opinion of a goodly number of their own friends, are foolish and disastrous. I always fancy that I can trace Lord Salisbury's hand in the least wise and the most reactionary tactics of the men who sit to the left of the Speaker. Certain it is that Lord Salisbury has of late done what I do not remember him to have done since Lord Cranborne became Lord Salisbury—that is to say, pay a visit to the Lobby of the House of Commons, and enter into a prolonged conference with the Unionist Whips. After the conference, if not because of it, came the first dead set on the Budget. Hitherto there has been opposition, but veiled, cautious, and only partially developed. On Thursday, however, a deliberate and many-sided attempt was made to smash the whole scheme from top to bottom. First came Sir John Lubbock's proposal to divide it in two, and thus give the House of Lords an opportunity of reasserting its old control over finance. The intention was that the debate should go on till quite late at night, and then a formal party division should be taken on it. Somehow or other, no one knows exactly why, this did not take place. Perhaps the courage of the Whips failed them, or, what is more probable, the debate was so utterly thin and unreal that it collapsed after the first half-hour or so. When it failed and the Government got a large majority—40—other tactics were adopted. Sir John Lubbock, mildest of obstructive tacticians, then proposed to destroy the entire body of the proposals for graduating the death duties by allowing the dying millionaire to split up his property and to have the duties charged, not on the corpus of the estate, but on each separate legacy. Of course, this did away with the graduated scale, and practically reduced the whole scheme of readjustment of the death duties to a futile absurdity. Nevertheless, the Opposition was so enraged at the Chairman's decision that the amendment was out of order that Mr. Balfour deliberately opened up a campaign of obstruction. He moved to report progress in a speech which drew a furious retort from Sir William Harcourt, which the Tory Leader answered in a speech as bitter as I have ever heard him deliver. Moving to report progress is the last resort of obstruction. It is the weapon which Mr. Biggar taught the Irish party to use, and is the mere passing device of a Parliamentarian who desires that the sitting shall come to an end, and that no more business shall be done.

A NIGHT OF OBSTRUCTION.

Nor was this all. The motion to report progress being defeated, other obstructive motions, with the open countenance of the Leader of the Opposition, were made. There was a motion to postpone the first clause, there were motions to adjourn, there was this motion and that motion, all of them aimed at stopping the debate. Little or no argument was used, for the House, when it is in this mood, surrenders itself to the fatal joy of fighting, and does not bother its head with considerations of principle. As an observer, one cannot but think the whole business curiously blundering tactics. The Opposition is now fighting what is admitted to be a popular and non-party Budget, and placing in the front rank of the attack the grievous wrongs of the landlord and the millionaire. I cannot imagine any statesman in his senses thinking that the people of England care one brass farthing for the complaint of the Duke of Westminster that under this Budget he would have to pay rather over a cool million. On the contrary, I am perfectly sure that ninety-nine people out of a hundred believe it to be a very good thing that he should. Nevertheless, the counsels of the extreme landlords have prevailed, and the entire fight is now being conducted on the most old-fashioned lines of pure Toryism. Mr. Chamberlain did all that ingenuity could to insinuate that the opposition was one of detail, and not of principle, but he made a rather sorry hand of it. The fact is that the landlords have simply swept the entire party, Radical Unionists and all, into a furious campaign against the further taxation of land. Unquestionably, this alters the whole tactical position in favour of the Government. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the spirits of Ministerial supporters have risen a hundredfold since Thursday night's work. I think now that the Government will stay in, that they will obtain additional credit from the country, and that the chances of success at a General Election are very greatly improved.

THE WELSH REVOLT.

The Welsh malcontents have returned, and I think they have very much lowered their tone. The chances are that, on the whole, they are none too hopeful of the opinion of Wales. They are all youngish men. One of them, Mr. Lloyd-George, a persuasive speaker, and a character with a certain fiery obstinacy in it, is not a bad leader of a guerrilla movement of this character. Mr. Thomas is an able but crotchety colliery proprietor, who tends largely to a rather Whig line on Labour questions. Mr. Edwards is also a colliery proprietor, personally very popular, but, perhaps, a little under the influence of Mr. Lloyd-George. Mr. Lewis is an amiable gentleman, but he is hardly a great force in the counsels of his party. I think from this point the movement will tend to simmer down. All the members of the secession are going to vote with the Government both on Registration and the Budget, and, as these are the only two measures which are likely to make any progress, it is improbable that there will be any more immediate trouble over the business.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

No; the Cape cricketers are not likely to set the Thames on fire. But they never said they would. It is not their fault that they have been pitchforked into a prominence which they never desired for themselves. On the Surrey card, for instance, I notice that the South African v. Surrey match, which opens to-morrow, is printed in big black type, and apparently takes rank with the Gentlemen v. Players and North v. South matches in the eyes of the Oval authorities.

It is to be hoped that Surrey will not play their full strength against the Africans. The gentlemen of Surrey, with a couple of professional bowlers thrown in, would be quite good enough, I imagine, to give the visitors all the cricket they require. I was present at the opening match of the Cape cricketers against Lord Sheffield's team, and, unless I am greatly mistaken, our friends from the Cape do not take rank above the level of, say, Hampshire, or, perhaps, barely up to what was considered second-class form last season. Bowling appears to be the weak point of our visitors. The most successful trundler at Sheffield Park was a young fellow named Rowe, who has a left-hand slow to medium delivery. Perhaps, as the tour progresses, Rowe's bowling will be even more deadly than it is at present.

I must compliment the South Africans on their very smart fielding. Mr. Halliwell, who learned his cricket at Ealing, is an exceptionally good

A. F. Macfie, 1885.



J. Ball, jun., 1888, '90, '92, '94.

J. E. Laidley, 1889, '91.

H. G. Hutchinson, 1886-7.

Photo by W. Stone, Liverpool.
P. C. Anderson, 1893.

AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONS.

wicket-keeper; Mr. Routledge, an old Birkenhead player, is an accomplished bat; and Mr. Johnson, the old Dublin University player, is one of the best all-round men.

Yorkshire are at it again. Last season they failed almost every time they met a second-class county, and it would appear as if they were playing the same old game this year. Already they have been beaten by Leicester, and again by Cambridge University. They take care to win their County Championship fixtures, though.

"To those that hath shall be given." Yorkshire, being at the top of the tree, will receive an undoubted acquisition in the person of F. Mitchell, the Cambridge Freshman, whose batting has come as a revelation. In his first fifteen innings played this season he has amassed some 1500 runs, which gives him an average of 80 per innings. No such star has burst upon the cricket horizon since the days of A. G. Steel. Some enthusiasts even go so far back as the younger days of W. G. Grace; but we shall require to see him play more first-class cricket before naming him as the successor to the one and only W. G.

I am told that Mitchell will be included in the Yorkshire team to meet Middlesex at Lord's to-morrow. This match is always one of the events of the season, and I have no doubt we will see one of the old-time exciting finishes characteristic of the meeting of these counties.

GOLF.

The open golf championship will be played off on the St. George's Links, Sandwich, on June 11 and the four following days. The Grand Challenge Cup will also be competed for at the same time.

Rolland appears to be in great form just now. In a 36-hole match against Peter Fernie, at Wimbledon, Rolland won easily by ten holes up and eight to play. What will he do, I wonder, in the open championship? Speaking of champions reminds me that *The Sketch* publishes to-day a quintet of amateur golf champions: A. F. Macfie won the event in 1885, a year before its formal inauguration; Horace G. Hutchinson, who is at present in brilliant form, was the winner in 1886 and 1887; Mr. J. E. Laidley is also a dual holder, having won in 1889 and 1891; Mr. P. C. Anderson was the winner in 1893; and Mr. John Ball, the present holder, has won the championship four times, which, so far, is a record.

According to Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Ball's characteristics are great firmness upon the feet and a gripping of the club with the right hand reaching far under, which is a contravention of prescribed rules, but which seems to give him marvellous power and control over the ball. His balls start away low from the club with a whirr like a rocket, then they rise toward the end of their flight, and fall, after a great "carry," nearly dead. There are longer drivers than Mr. Ball, though few have a longer "carry," but this low ball of his is a beauty in the wind, and it is an ideal stroke for driving the ball up to the hole and landing it upon the green.

In speaking of Mr. A. J. Balfour last week, I was in error in stating that he was defeated in the Parliamentary Golf Competition. I am pleased that I was wrong, because it still gives the right honourable gentleman a chance of winning it. In the semi-final he beat Mr. C. Hamilton by eight holes up and seven to play. On this form, Mr. Balfour should have an excellent chance of winning outright.

For the proposed Amateur v. Professional match at Sandwich during the championship week, Messrs. Ball, Hutchinson, Tait, Fergusson, and Hilton have consented to play for the amateurs. It is to be hoped that Mr. Laidley will also see his way to give his services.

AQUATICS.

The international entries for the Henley Regatta are again likely to be large this year. In addition to a Parisian sculler, who will enter for the Diamonds, we shall have John J. Ryan, the amateur single-scutt champion of America, and Joseph Wright, of Toronto. Ryan and Wright will also club together for the Goblets, which is a pair-oared race. The following is Ryan's American record: In 1892 he won the Senior Sculls for amateurs in 10 min. 24 sec., and last year he won the same event in 10 min. 24½ sec., showing wonderful consistency of form. In addition to

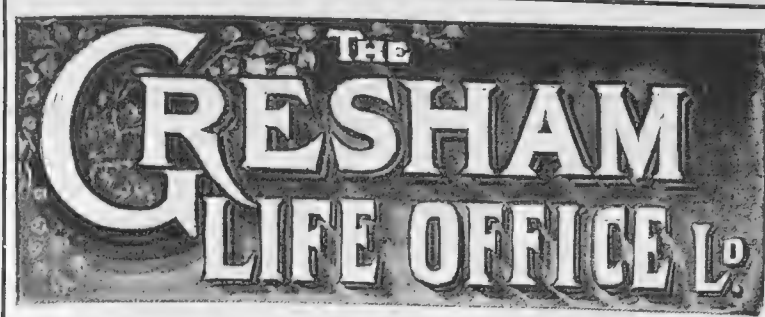
these races, Ryan has won many others in 1886-7-8 and 1890. He won the Senior Championship of the Canadian Amateur Rowing Association. The distance was a mile and a half straight away, and in 1886 Ryan rowed the distance in 8 min. 52 sec., establishing a best on record. In 1887 he won the Boston City Senior Sculls for amateurs in 23 min. The distance was three miles, with a turn, which is nearly equivalent to the English championship course on an ordinary tide. In 1889 Ryan won the Senior Single Sculls for amateurs in the Harlem River (New York) Regatta. The distance was a straight mile, with a slight current, and the time was 6 min. 57 sec.

CYCLING.

The road racing season is now in full swing, although it must be confessed that the northerners are, in the main, keeping this particular branch of the sport alive. Shorland and Bidlake joined issue in a 50-mile handicap, the other day, owing ten minutes to seven scratch men, one of whom, Arthur Brown, of Luton, secured the race in 2 hours 31 min. 23 sec.

Lesna, who won the Bordeaux-to-Paris race at the beginning of the week, was born in Switzerland in 1863; but, although of French parentage, he has since been naturalised in this country. He covered the 366 miles in 25 hours 11 min. 7 sec. Charles Lucas, who finished second, is a Liverpool man, and holds the Liverpool-to-London record—206 miles in 13 hours.

G. P. Mills, riding from Edinburgh to London, broke R. H. Carlisle's record of 32 hours 55 min. by 3 hours 27 min. Among those who paced the popular wheelman were Shorland, Bidlake, and Stocks, the 25-mile amateur champion, who is still without a license.—OLYMPIAN.

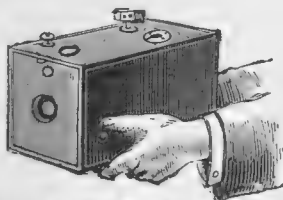


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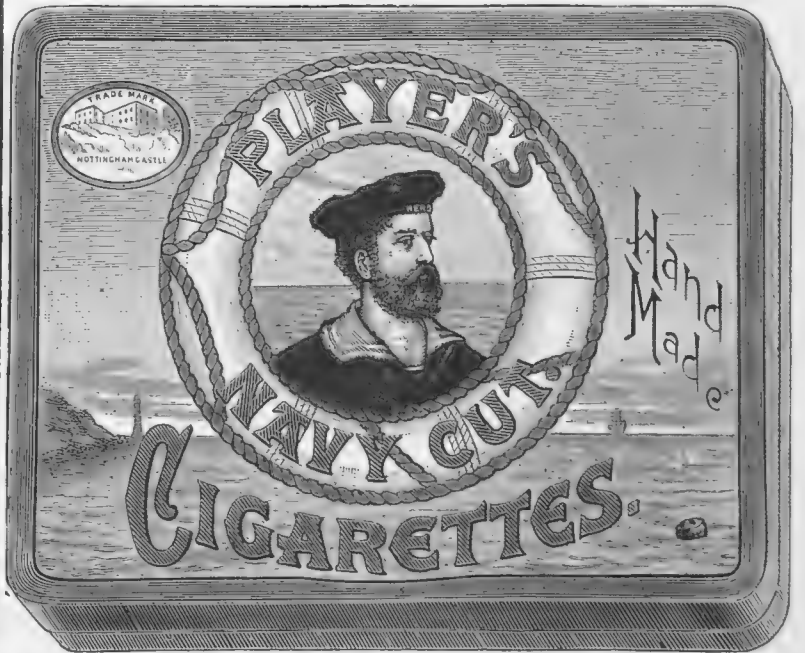
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For removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c., also for Restoring Grey Hair to its natural colour, it is without a rival.
Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be perfectly harmless and devoid of any metallic or other injurious ingredients.
1s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers and Perfumers all over the world, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Order.
95, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

"The Distingué"

May be had from any of the
leading Drapers, Mantle Houses,
Clothiers, &c. Be careful to
ask for "THE DISTINGUÉ."

WATERPROOF

Before buying your New Mantle
or Cloak, or starting on a holi-
day, see "The Distingué," which
is adapted to all weathers.

EVERY GARMENT BEARING A SILK LABEL WITH
THE WORDS "THE DISTINGUÉ" IS GUARANTEED.

Retailers can obtain their supplies from the principal Wholesale Warehousemen in the United Kingdom.

BERTIE (in his new
waterproof): "Why
carry an umbrella,
mamma, when you
have your 'Distingué'
on?"
MAMMA: "Oh! the
umbrella is only to
protect my new Hat,
my dear."



is also a matter set far beyond question, and it only remains for me to say that their latest development alone makes them a desirable acquisition; when their advantages are all combined—well, I think they should prove irresistible. Any further information you can get from the Singer Manufacturing Company's City show-rooms at 147, Cheapside. As they have over five hundred other branches throughout Great Britain and Ireland, I do not think that I will attempt to give you a list of their various addresses, but will, instead, draw your attention to a garment which is at all times the perfection of comfort for women who ride or indulge in cycling, hunting, or other pastimes, while every one of you would find its advantages well worth a trial if you intend to spend your holiday in mountain-climbing or touring. I am referring to the seamless, knitted pantaloons manufactured by the Knitted Corset Company, of 118, Mansfield Road, Nottingham, and by means of which the weight and discomfort of clinging petticoats can be entirely dispensed with. For summer wear they are being made in Lisle thread and fine wool, at the very low price of half-a-guinea a pair, and in spun silk the prices range from 27s. 6d. You can get them in any colour, while they are made to reach either to the knee or the ankle, and I strongly advise you all to invest in a trial pair at once, for they are comfortable, healthy, and, withal, economical and durable, as you will speedily find out. You should write to the Knitted Corset Company for an illustrated price-list and a sample of the pantaloons, which will be sent free on application. You can then judge for yourselves as to whether I have over-estimated their advantages.

Are any of you now wearily engaged in carrying out the seemingly endless behests of that most inexorable of mistresses, "Mrs. Spring-Cleaning"? I fancy that a good many are so occupied, so, as a word in season is sometimes of value, let me bring before your notice Mortimer's Dyeing and Cleaning Works at Plymouth, which have been established for 121 years, a fact which is in itself sufficient recommendation. There your mats and rugs, your curtains and carpets, your lamp-shades and table-covers, can all take out a new lease of life, or, if you so wish it, come back changed into any new colour which may seem best to you. If your spring cleaning is being extended to your wardrobe, gowns and garments of every description, and of the most delicate texture, can be cleaned and dyed without any preparatory ripping; and, best of all, the prices are surprisingly and delightfully moderate; but to find these out you must write to Mortimer's Dye Works, Plymouth, or the chief London office at 488, Harrow Road, W.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Most housewives have at some time in their career had to undergo the unpleasant and temper-trying experience of meeting with a smiling face one or more guests brought home by an inconsiderate husband, knowing meanwhile that "the cupboard is bare," or, to be more correct, that a dinner provided for two will not easily meet the demands of four, especially when three are hungry men. It is on occasions like these that one appreciates to the uttermost the immense value of such preparations as Halford's Indian curries, by means of which you can, in fifteen minutes, have a dainty, tasty dish to set before your guests, and one which you may be delightfully certain will please them one and all. If they should happen to be old residents in India, you will secure their lasting gratitude by giving them an absolutely genuine article, the ingredients of which are all perfectly pure, some of them being imported specially for the purpose from India. I want to tell everybody I meet just now about these Halford's curries, for I was initiated into their delights the other day, and when once you have tasted them you want to go on tasting, as you will infallibly find if you take my advice and try them. One thing is quite certain—you will have to lay in a stock, for you will never be able to keep the needs of unexpected guests always before you to the exclusion of your own gratification. Let me tell you what you can get: curried chicken, mutton, and rabbit, for occasions when something rather satisfying is required, while curried prawns and lobster make delightful *entrées*. Also, there is curry powder, sauce, and paste, and chutnee, most fascinating of relishes; so I think that Mr. Halford should be accounted a public benefactor for providing so many preparations which are perfectly delicious and absolutely pure, two qualities which do not always go together. Just a word as to the preparation of the curries, though full directions are given in each case. All you have to do is to stand the tin in boiling water for fifteen minutes, when, as the contents are already sufficiently cooked, they are ready for serving, though, when possible, it is, of course, an improvement to add well-boiled rice. All grocers, stores, &c., keep Halford's Indian curries.

And now that the healthy grown-up folk have had something specially delectable provided for them, it is only fair that, as extremes are always supposed to meet, the invalids and the aged, to say nothing of the babies, should have their turn, and, while the robust ones can revel in Halford's tasty Indian curries, the latter can enjoy "Benger's Food," and grow healthy and fat by means of it. I myself have seen several instances in which children have been simply transformed through the food from veritable skeletons to healthy little beauties, and it has undoubtedly been the means of saving thousands of lives. It is always well to have some in the house, even if there are no babies or habitual invalids to consider, for I can assure you that Benger's Food is by no means to be despised if you yourself happen to feel weak and ailing and disinclined for ordinary meals. You can get it from any chemist in any town, in tins ranging in price from one to five shillings. There, I am sure I have told you of enough good things, for, if I bring any more under your notice, you will not know where to start. As it is, provide yourselves with these, and then I shall have some more for you another week.

FLORENCE.

BETWEEN THE INNINGS.

II.—THE MAN WITH A STYLE.

"I should like to see Driver come off to-day," said the Vice-Captain.

"Naturally," replied the Treasurer, "with 250 against us."

"Yes; but Driver in particular. You know, these fellows can't stand him. He made 95 against them last year in 37 minutes, and without an orthodox stroke. They complained that it was not cricket."

"If you ask my opinion," said the Honorary Member—nobody had—"Driver can't bat a little bit. I feel quite ashamed for the club when I see him fluking up his fifties and sixties time after time."

"His figures will take some explaining away," remarked the Secretary, quietly. "After all, the idea of batting is to get runs, or it should be. We had a man in the club once who thought otherwise, and it went near to proving his destruction. In the end I managed to save him, but it was an uncommonly narrow squeak. Perfect was a gentlemanly young fellow, and his batting form was really superb. He had been taught cricket at one of the big schools, and it was his favourite boast that, whether he got a century or a duck's egg, he obtained it in the public-school way. As a practical batsman, however, he was a modified failure. Perfect himself was never in the least put out by this; if he could make some taking strokes, he was quite happy, no matter how moderately the score-book might rate his efforts. It was, he said, a *bourgeois* conception that saw in finished play only a means to the acquisition of runs. Style was a source of pleasure in itself—it was an art, and in his own attitude he detected the disinterestedness of the artist. We tried to reason him out of this nonsense, which we thought responsible for some of his low scores; but he was suffering from debating societies, and what we said only made him worse. W. G., he was fond of reminding us, made 839 in three consecutive innings. Who could take any interest in mere run-getting after that?"

"Treatment was the only thing left for a man with a sense of humour to cultivate."

"The matter became serious. There were several men anxious to get into the matches, and Perfect's figures did not justify his retention in the eleven. Things were in this condition when my wife's brother, an amateur photographer, came to stay with us. The instantaneous shutter was a bit of a novelty in those days, and some snap-shots he had taken at horses in motion amused us a good deal. What undreamed-of attitudes the animals had been caught in! It was at that moment my idea came to me. Why shouldn't my brother-in-law, I suggested, exploit the cricket-field? No one had been before him there. Let it be his to reveal the true motions of an accomplished bat. Perfect was, of course, the model selected, and the proofs more than realised my hopes. In two the old public-school boy had been caught in conventional postures—I suppressed these, as of no educational value—but in others the positions were astounding. The next time that I went on to a cricket-ground I understood where my brother-in-law had got his effects. The eye, naturally, does not follow the bat beyond the moment of its coming into contact with the ball, the direction of the latter then engrosses our interest; but a camera's attention, of course, is not thus diverted. These fag-ends of strokes were very funny. In one picture the bat appeared somewhere over in the direction of the left shoulder, in another the blade pointed ridiculously towards the bowler. I had the whole series mounted and hung in the pavilion. It was a pathetic thing, Perfect's first look at them. They had been taken with his permission, and he was known to be very sanguine about the results. He came running in, very eager and excited, and then walked slowly away. "And I took like that?" was all that could be got from him. An hour later he went in to bat upon an impossible wicket, and made 30 by the most unprincipled cricket that it has been my good fortune to witness."

The Red-faced man turned a shade more so.

"It was a brutal thing," he said, "to take all that trouble to ruin a man's play."

"As a matter of fact," replied the Secretary, "I did nothing of the kind. I forced Perfect to turn his attention to runs, and he got plenty afterwards—that was all. He ceased to cultivate prettiness, it is true; but when the wicket was tolerable many judges preferred his second manner even in point of appearance."

"From which I infer," said the Red-faced man, mollified, "that he never acquired that vile hook to leg."

B. A. CLARKE.

GOING TO THE DERBY.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company are making special arrangements so that trains may be despatched at frequent intervals from both their Victoria and London Bridge Stations direct to their Racecourse Station on the Epsom Downs near the Grand Stand, and for the convenience of passengers from the northern and midland counties arrangements have been made with the several railway companies to issue through tickets to the Racecourse Station from all their principal stations.

The South-Western Railway Company have arranged with the various railway companies to issue through tickets to Epsom, via Kensington. These tickets will also be available from Waterloo, Ludgate Hill, Vauxhall, and Clapham Junction. With a view to increasing the comfort of travellers over the Midland system by the night express and mail trains, the Company will arrange, from June 1, to supply them with pillows on hire at a charge of sixpence each.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, May 26, 1894.

Gold keeps flowing into the Bank of England week by week, until the reserve has actually reached £26,300,000, and the proportion in which it stands to liabilities the extraordinary figure of 67·24 per cent. There have been times of panic, dear Sir, caused by depletion of the Bank's available resources, but it seems as if we were likely to suffer from the very reverse of this situation unless some useful and reasonable way of employing our surplus cash is soon discovered.

You asked us the other day to find you an investment which was perfectly safe, and yielded a reasonable rate of interest, and we have cast about to satisfy so valued a client. We have made the most careful inquiries, and we have no hesitation in recommending you to expend the large balance upon which your banker is now paying you the magnificent sum of 1 per cent. per annum in the purchase of the 4 per cent. debentures of the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Corporation at about 101. This security amounts in all to £500,000, and is charged upon all the assets of the Corporation, including the uncalled capital. The sum of £430,000 is lodged in the Bank of England to the credit of the debenture-holders, as the proceeds of the last call of £2 10s. per share, and by the end of June part of the proceeds of the now current call will be received, and reach, upon the worst estimate, at least the £70,000 required to make up the nominal amount. Two months' interest is accrued, and the debentures must be paid off at 103, so that, with the £2 bonus—which will be received within four or five months, in all probability—you may reckon on a return at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum with as near a certainty as anything, including Consols, ever presents. We never remember such an opportunity for a temporary use of ready money at a good rate of interest and upon such security in our long experience, and the chance is doubly valuable at a moment when money is a veritable drug in the market.

In the early part of the week the markets were in a miserable and depressed condition, principally on account of the successful "bear" raids carried on in Wall Street; but the tide seems to have turned.

When we wrote, some weeks ago, that we were inclined to recommend the purchase of Brighton A stock, because there was a market tip going round to sell for a five-point drop, we did so with many doubts; but, as usual, it was safe to disregard the stories which were put about for interested purposes. The heavy lines have been firm, and very soon the traffics will compare with the strike period of last year. Large increases may then be expected week after week, and sanguine "bulls" are counting upon the effect such a state of affairs will produce on the investor's mind. Why the opening of Wembley Park should have put up Metropolitans, we hardly see; but Districts ought to quietly improve on the increased traffics, caused by the Earl's Court show and Olympia.

The affairs of the Yankee railways which are in trouble seem to make small progress. The committee of Atchison bondholders has received splendid support, and is in a position to command the situation. The shareholders must face a 10-dollar assessment, and arrangements will probably be made to place the control of the road in the bondholders' hands for a limited period. Holders of the A and B securities should stick to these bonds, and, if they have spare cash, might do worse than buy a few more at the present prices.

We have over and over again warned you against Grand Trunk stocks, even debentures, as long as the management remains in the present hands, and, although the last day or two has shown some slight improvement in prices, we have no faith in the value of any of this company's securities as long its affairs are in the hands of the Hamilton-Tyler gang. Some day the proprietors will wake up and make a clean sweep of the whole board; but it will be time enough to buy when signs of this awakening appear.

New York Centrals have suffered heavily upon the rumours of only a 4 per cent. dividend; but, even if the story should prove true, we cannot think the stock dear, and if the fall goes any further we should like to see you buy a good block for either investment or speculation.

The Argentine gold premium creeps up, but does not cause as much effect on the price of the various stocks as might be expected, for it is argued that such an enormous premium on the commodity in which exporters are paid will do much to counteract the low prices now ruling for wheat, wool, and the other things which the Argentine farmer has to sell. Brazilian and Chilian stocks have been firm, and Bulgarian bonds have been run up to 103½. Why a man who has saved £100 should lend it to Bulgaria, we do not know, and certainly you will not do so on our advice just now. The scare about the conversion of the Turkish Tribute loans seems to have subsided, probably on account of the strong expressions of disapproval with which the idea was met in the Press; but for the fear of repayment, there can be no doubt that the 1871 loan is even now an excellent and safe 4 1-8 per cent. investment, and might still see a five-point rise.

You ask us what we think of certain lottery bonds brought under your notice by Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell, and Co., of Paris, who pretty well flood this country with pamphlets and circulars. The stocks are genuine enough, and we believe the firm in question pays its way, but we object to the price you are asked to pay for such things as Panama Canal bonds and the other specialties which these gentlemen offer. If you like to give £6 for that which you can buy in the open market for £4, and at a like excessive rate for the other securities, you will only have yourself to blame after this warning, and we strongly urge (if you want to gamble

in lottery bonds) to buy at current market rates, and so get the same chance of prizes for about 50 per cent. less outlay than is required by dealing through Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell, and Co. We will, at any time, give you the name and address of a firm of respectable brokers who sell all the lottery bonds quoted and dealt in on the Continental exchanges, who do business at current market prices, and who reside within a quarter of a mile of the Bank of England.

The United States Brewing Company has again declared a 10s. dividend, and the accounts, which will be in the hands of the shareholders in about a fortnight, are, we understand, satisfactory. This is one of the very few really good American brewery companies, and the debentures (which yield 6 per cent.) and the preference shares are reliable securities for people who require a large return and as little risk as is consistent therewith.

Nitrate Rails have more than confirmed all we wrote about them, and even at the advance of two points, which the account shows, yield well over 10 per cent. Your holding shows such a large profit, dear Sir, that you might, perhaps, realise one half, although we do not think the top has been reached. The immediate cause of the rise has been the arrangement for a quotation in Paris, which, we understand, has also been made in reference to the Langlaagte Estate shares, and will probably be carried further, both in the case of the nitrate producing companies and several African mines.

The agreement between the Government and the Chartered Company as to Matabeleland has had a favourable effect on the African market. We hear good accounts of the May yield of the Champ d'Or, to which we drew your attention some few weeks ago, and, as the cyanide plant will be at work in June, there will be a further increase then. The Buffelsdoorn Estate, the New Kleinfontein, and the Randfontein all promise well. Thank your stars, dear Sir, that you have got rid of your Oceanas, and let nothing induce you to buy them again, except as a speculation upon any special tip.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
S. Simon, Esq.
LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses are before us—

BOROUGH OF DURBAN (NATAL) MUNICIPAL LOAN.—The whole issue is only £100,000, and the minimum price 97. The bonds are, of course, a high-class investment.

THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT THREE PER CENT. STERLING LOAN.—This loan, of £6,000,000, is offered at a minimum of 98, and £4,000,000 of it is to be used to repay Treasury bills, so that only £2,000,000 will be an addition to the national burden. Dealings have been pretty considerable, at various prices, ranging up to 2 premium, and this without any "making or supporting" of the market. We do not like the continual increase of the sterling debt, and should much prefer to see the Government borrow in silver; but the subscription is sure to be large.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. Y. P.—The last colonial price for Lyells appears to be 27s. The shares are not dealt in on this market, as far as we know.

DILKUSH.—(1) It is a matter of opinion, but we do not think well of the future of this railway. Personally, we should sell; but if the stock improves we should not be surprised. (2) Hold your Aërated Breads; they are a fair industrial risk. (3) Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corporation's debentures, Bryant and May shares, City of Wellington Waterworks Loan, Nitrate Railway 5 per cent. bonds, might all suit you, especially the first and last.

M. D.—Yes; we know about the firm you mention. They are perfectly safe, but sell the various stocks quoted in their list at about 40 per cent. above the market price. If you want to buy the lottery securities which the people in question are continually offering, we advise you to deal at the proper market price, and you could always get a fair quotation from Messrs. Nathan Keizer and Co., of 1, Cooper's Court, Cornhill, E.C., but you should offer them a banker's reference when you write.

OXON.—We cannot find you safe investments to pay 6 per cent., if you mean investments without risk. See our remarks about the 4 per cent. debentures of the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Corporation. Rio Tinto debentures might suit you. We consider Nitrate Railway bonds a good investment.

P. B.—You cannot expect us to act as your lawyers for nothing. The question raised by your letter is one upon which even a lawyer would hesitate to give a certain opinion.

H. T. C.—The company is in liquidation and the shares quite valueless. If you can find a buyer for the mining shares, sell at any price.

PRACTICAL.—See our remarks in this week's "Notes." On no account submit to the Jarvis-Conklin people's reconstruction plan, and take no notice of the silly stories they write to you about the number of assents. The outside touts you mention ought to have been in prison long ago. Have no dealings with them.

JAMES.—This Southern States Land and Timber Company is another of the Pollock-Coleman productions, and we are sorry for you; but if you will send us all the papers you have, such as balance-sheets, prospectus upon which the preference shares were subscribed for, &c., we will look into it and see if you have any ground for resisting payment of the £4 call. Don't pay until we have had the papers and advised you.

MANURE.—If you bought Nitrate Rails on our tip and as a speculation, sell half. See our remarks in this week's "Notes." The San Jorge shares are good enough to hold as an investment, and so, for that matter, are the rails.

W. T.—Thanks for your letter and the little pamphlet. See this week's "Notes." If you read the book and the other circulars, you will see there is no statement that the prices quoted are the current market rates.

WELSHMAN.—Let Percy, Barclay, and Co. alone, and put their circulars in the waste-paper basket. You are not the only correspondent who has complained of the loss of money.

YANKEE.—Leave Mexican Rails to market operators, and take no notice of the silly advertisement you quote. The Universal Stock Exchange must do something to work off the big block of second preferences which they hold.